



POEMS.

GATHERED RICHES

FROM THE

OLDER POETS.

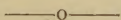
A.D. 1340—1699.

LONDON:
HOULSTON AND WRIGHT.

MDCCCLXV.



PREFATORY NOTE.



EVERY book ought to explain itself, without preface ; but in a volume of selections from the past, a brief prefatory note will have its value. It is unnecessary to vindicate the re-issue of any Literature of the Old Times, which has in reality enriched the world : for in the noisy Present we need the Teaching of writings on which the silence of the Past has settled down. But when a volume is compiled from the works of men long silent, some explanation of its aim and plan may be expected.

The present volume is mainly, but not exclusively, a religious book. It is so exclusively, if the word Religion is understood as co-extensive with all the Deep and True in man, that has an upward tendency. It is not exclusively devotional. It is not a hymnology. But all its poems have an undertone of the devotional in them, even when the theme is not explicitly religious. Poetry which looks into the deep things of Man, or which speaks of the moral analogies of Nature, or reveals the hidden significance of Life, in a lofty and unworldly way, is really, in a broadly

significant sense, *religious* poetry. It does not exhaust it, but it comes within its sphere. It is kindred with the purely religious song, as the indirect is kindred with the direct. If Poetry is thus broadened in its basis, a Temple Psalm is brought side by side with Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," or Herrick's "Address to Daffodils." If asked where in the several divisions of the realm of Poetry such fragments as Ben Jonson's "Life's Measure," or Hume's "Day's Estival," should be placed, the answer would unhesitatingly be, in the religious sphere. The highest poetry always has been, and always must be religious. Poetry is indeed but the musical utterance of man's effort after that harmony of things which has been marred by the Fall. It is one expression of that ceaseless strife, (the result of an inborn longing,) to be free from the restrictions which narrow us here, which cramp and fetter man upon the earth. In the utterance of this man must *rise*. He must tend to the unseen, and to God. All true poetry must land in Religion, in the region of the great spiritual realities.

Thus this collection is not always directly, but always indirectly religious. Its aim is to present in a compend of fragments the gathered riches of our old religious poetry. It ranges from the dawn of British Literature to the year 1699. In the eighteenth century, religious poetry of the loftiest type almost died away from the literature of England. It has revived in the nineteenth, in some cases with more than its old splendour. But a completeness is given to this

volume, by the fact that its range is limited to the older times.

Nothing has been admitted that has not stood the test and strain of time. Four names however have been purposely omitted—Shakespeare, Milton, Herbert, and Vaughan. A word in explanation of this. There are some names in literature (the list is very small) so singularly great, that to extract from their writings is to mutilate them. Those great teachers who have been sent as the ministers of Truth and Insight, not to their own age merely, but to all Time, seem marred and lowered when their works are broken into fragments and extracts. This is specially true of the very greatest *poets*, and even more peculiarly true of a certain class, viz., the more intense and individual among them. Extracted passages from Dante, Milton, Herbert, and Wordsworth, are always unsatisfactory. We wish to see *all that has ever been written* by these masters. Not so with lesser men. There are many poets who have written one or two singularly noble poems, the rest of whose writing is comparatively valueless. It is from these that selections should be made. Extracts from Shakespeare and Milton, in this volume, would either require to be very long and very numerous, or they would be wholly inadequate. George Herbert (the deepest of all religious poets) would need to be inserted *as a whole*; and nearly the same thing is true of H. Vaughan. These four names are therefore excluded.

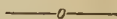
The arrangement of the poems is chronological, and the volume is divided into four sections. Without

following the recognised literary periods, indicated by the great epoch-forming names, as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, &c., (a principle of division not essential to a collection such as this, and which would of necessity reduce some periods to the compass of a very few years, and enlarge others to a disproportionate extent,) the poems are arranged as follows:—Period *first* extends from the time of Richard Rolle (*cir.* 1340), an early English divine of whom little is known, but who was either an immediate predecessor or a contemporary of Chaucer, to that of James Wedderburn of Dundee (1500-1564). Period *second* begins with Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, (1515-20-1546-7,) and ends with Dr. John Donne (1573-1631). Period *third* ranges from the times of Ben Jonson (1574-1637) to those of James Shirley (1594-1666); and Period *fourth* from Sir Thomas Browne, author of the “*Religio Medici*,” &c., (1605-1682,) to John Norris, metaphysician and poet, (1657-1711.)

To readers who receive gladly these gifts from the old times, we promise a future volume, which will be gathered mainly from our own century; for these times also have their own peculiar music.

W. K.

Period First.



RICHARD ROLLE

TO

JAMES WEDDERBURN.

Period First.



What is in Heaben.

THERE is life without any death,
And there is youth without any eild ;
And there is all manner wealth to weild ;
And there is rest without any travail ;
And there is peace without any strife,
And there is all manner lyking of life :
And there is bright summer ever to see,
And there is never winter in that countrie :
And there is more worship and honour,
Than ever had king or emperor.
And there is great melodic of angels' song,
And there is praising them among :
And there is all manner friendship that may be,
And there is ever perfect love and charitie.
And there is wisdom without folly,
And there is honesty without villany.
All these a man may joys of Heaven call :
But yet the most sovereign joy of all
Is the sight of God's bright face,
In whom resteth all manner grace.

ROLLE.

The Good Man of Religion.

A TRUE good man there was there of Religion,
Pious and poor—the parson of a town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work ;
And thereto a right learned man ; a clerk
That Christ's pure gospel would sincerely preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient,
As proven oft ; to all who lacked, a friend.

Wide was his cure ; the houses far asunder ;
Yet never failed he, or for wind or thunder,
Wherever sickness or mischance might call,
The most remote to visit, great or small,
And, staff in hand, on foot, the storm to brave.
This noble ensample to his flock he gave—
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
The word of life he from the Gospel caught,
And well this comment added he thereto—
If that gold rusteth, what should iron do ?

Though holy in himself, and virtuous,
He still to sinful men was mild and piteous :
Not of reproach imperious or malign,
But in his teaching soothing and benign.
To draw them on to heaven by reason fair,
And good example, was his daily care.

He waited not on pomp or reverence,
Nor made himself a spiced conscience.
The lore of Christ and his Apostles twelve
He taught ; but first he followed it himself.

Adversitie.

IF it befall that God thee list visite
 With any torment or adversitie,
 Thank first the Lorde, and then thyself to quite
 Upon sufferance and humilite
 Found thou thy quaril, what ere that it be.
 Make thy defence, and thou shalt have no losse,
 The remembrance of Christ and of His crosse.

CHAUCER.

Daisies and Sorrow.

. . . . THESE flowers white and red,
 Such as men callen daisies in our town ;
 To them have I so great affection,
 As I said erst, when comen is the May,
 That in my bed there daweth me no day,
 That I n'am up and walking in the mead
 To see this flow'r against the sunné spread,
 When it upriseth early by the morrow ;
 That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow ;
 So glad am I when that I have preséence
 Of it, to doen it all reverence.

CHAUCER.

Caged Birds.

. . . . WHERE birds are fed in cages,
 Though you should day and night tend them like pages,
 And strew the bird's room fair and soft as silk,
 And give him sugar, honey, bread, and milk ;
 Yet had the bird, by twenty-thousand fold,
 Rather be in a forest wild and cold ;

And right anon, let but his door be up,
And with his feet he spurneth down his cup,
And to the wood will be and feed on worms.
In that new college keepeth he his terms,
And learneth love of his own proper kind :
No gentleness of home his heart may bind.

CHAUCER.

Dutiful Love.

IN this world no service is so good
For every wight that gentle is of kind,
For thereof comes all goodness and all worth ;
All gentleness and honour thence come forth ;
Thence worship comes, content, and true heart's pleasure,
And full-assured trust, joy without measure,
And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth ;
And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
And seemliness and faithful company,
And dread of shame that will not do amiss.

CHAUCER.

The Abbey Walk.

ALONE as I went up and down
In an abbey was fair to see,
Thinking what consolation
Was best unto adversity ;
By chance I cast on side mine eye,
And saw this written upon a wall :
“ Of what estate, man, that thou be,
Obey, and thank thy God for all ! ”

Thy kingdom, and thy great empire,
Thy royalty, and rich array,
Shall nought endure at thy desire,
But, as the wind, will wend away.
Thy gold, and all thy goodis gay,
When fortune list, will from thee fall :
Since thou such samples see each day,
Obey, and thank thy God for all !

This changing, and great variance
Of earthly stais, up and down,
Is not mere casualty and chance,
(As some men say without reason),
But by the great provision
Of God above, that rule thee shall !
Therefore, ever thou make thee bound
To obey, and thank thy God for all !

HENRYSOUN.

The Best Estate.

BLESSED be simple life, withouten dreid ;
Blessed be sober feast in quieté ;
Who has enough, of no more has he need,
Though it be little into quantity.
Great abundance, and blind prosperity,
Ofttimës make an evil conclusion ;
The sweetest life, therefore, in this country,
Is of security, with small possession.

HENRYSOUN.

A Christmas Carol.

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem that fair city,
Angelis sang with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria !

Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright
To them appearing with great light,
And said, God's Son is born this night,
In excelsis gloria !

The King is come to save kindé (mankind),
As in Scripture as we findé,
Therefore this song have we in mindé,
In excelsis gloria !

Then, Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thee, solace
In excelsis gloria !

MSS. in British Museum (1456).

The Merle and the Nightingale.

IN May, as that Aurora did up spring,
With crystal een chasing the cloudës sable,
I heard a Merle with merry notës sing
A song of love, with voice right comfortable,
Against the orient beamis amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
“A blessed life in Lovë's service been.”

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Against the heavenly azure skyis light,
Where did upon the other side pursue
A Nightingale, with sugar'd notës new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone ;
This was her song, and of a sentence true,
“ All love is lost but upon God alone.”

With notës glad, and glorious harmony,
This joyful merle saluted there the day,
While rang the woodis of her melody,
Saying, “ Awake, ye lovers of this May ;
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,
As nature has her taught, the noble queen,
The fields be clothed in a new array ;
A blessed life in Lovë's service been.”

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard by living man,
Than made this merry gentle nightingale ;
Her sound went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourish'd lusty vale ;
“ O merle ! ” quoth she, “ O fool, stint of thy tale,
For in thy song good sentence is there none,
For both is lost, the time and the travail,
Of every love but upon God alone.”

Then said the merle, “ Mine error I confess ;
This fruitless love is all but vanity :
Blind ignorance me gave such hardiness,
To argue so against the verity ;
Wherefore I counsel every man, that he
With love not in the fiendis net be tone,
But love the love that did for his love die :
All love is lost but upon God alone.”

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear :

The merle sang, "Man, love God that has thee wrought."

The nightingale sang, "Man, love the Lord most dear,

That thee and all this world made of nought."

The merle said, "Love Him that thy love has sought

From heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone."

The nightingale sang, "And with His death thee bought :

All love is lost but upon Him alone."

Then flew these birdis o'er the boughis sheen,

Singing of love among the leav's small ;

Whose eager plead yet made my thoughtis yearn,

Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail ;

Me to recomfort most it does avail,

Again for love, when love I can find none,

To think how sung this merle and nightingale :

"All love is lost but upon God alone."

DUNBAR.

Of the Nativity of Christ.

Now gladdeth every living creature,

With bliss and comfortable gladness,

The Heavenly King is clad in our nature,

Us from the death with ransom to redress ;

The lamp of joy that chases all darkness,

Ascended is to be the world's light,

From every bale our boundis for to bless,

Born of the glorious Virgin Mary bright.

Above the radiant heaven ethereal,
The court of stars, the course of sun and moon,
The potent Prince of Joy Imperial,
The high surmounting Emperor abone,
Is coming from His mighty Father's throne
To earth, with an inestimable light,
And praised of angels with a sweet intone ;
Born of the glorious Virgin Mary bright.

Whoever in earth heard so blythe a story,
Or tidings of so great felicity,
As how the Source of all grace and glory
For love and mercy has taen humanitie ;
Maker of angels, man, earth, heaven, and sea,
And to overcome our foes, and put to flight,
Is coming a babe, full of benignitie,
Born of the glorious Virgin Mary bright.

The sovereign Senior of all celsitude,
That sits above the ordered cherubin,
Which all things made, and all things does include,
That never end shall, never did begin,
Without whom naught is, from whom no time
does rin,
With whom all good is, with whom is every wight,
Is with His wounds come for to wash our sin ;
Born of the glorious Virgin Mary bright.

All welcome we the Prince of Paradise,
Born of the glorious Virgin Mary bright.

From a Hymn on the Passion of Christ.

O LORD of bliss,
 Remember this,
 How man's mind is like the moon ;
 Is variable,
 Frail and unstable,
 At morning, night, and noon.
 Though he unkind,
 Have not in mind,
 What ye for him have done ;
 Yet have compassion,
 For our salvation,
 Forsake not man so soon.
 A while him spare,
 He shall prepare
 Himself to you anon ;
 With heart and mind,
 Loving and kind,
 To serve but you alone.

ANON.

(*Pub.* 1515?-1537?)

A Christmas Carol.

God rest you, noble gentlemen,
 Let nothing you dismay,
 For Jesus Christ our Saviour
 Was born upon this day,
 To save us all from Satan's power,
 When we were gone astray.
 O tidings of comfort and joy,
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was
 Born on Christmas day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn ;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings, &c.

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour,
Of virtue, power, and might,
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.
O tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed babe to find.
O tidings, &c.

And when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereas this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay ;

His mother, Mary, kneeling,
 Unto the Lord did pray.
 O tidings, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
 All you within this place,
 And with true love and brotherhood
 Each other now embrace ;
 This holy tide of Christmas
 All others doth deface.
 O tidings, &c.

ANON.

Go, Heart.

Go, heart, unto the lamp of light ;
 Go, heart, do service and honour ;
 Go, heart, and serve Him day and night ;
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, to thy only remede,
 Descending from the heavenly tour
 Thee to deliver from pain and deid ;
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, right humble and full meek,
 Go, heart, as leal and true servitour,
 To Him that health is for all flesh,
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, with true and whole intent,
 To Christ, thy help and whole succour ;
 Thee to redeem He was all rent ;
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

To Christ that rose from death to life,
 Go, heart, unto my latter hour,
 Whose great mercy can none describe,
 Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

WEDDERBURN.

“Leave me Not.”

PSALM xxvii. 9.

AH! my Lord, leave me not,
 Leave me not, leave me not,
 Ah! my Lord, leave me not
 Thus mine alone :
 With ane burden on my back
 I may not bear, I am so weak,
 Lord, this burden from me take,
 Or else I am gone.

With sins I am laden sair,
 Leave me not, leave me not,
 With sins I am laden sair,
 Leave me not alone :
 I pray thee, Lord, therefore,
 Keep not my sins in store ;
 Loose me, or I am forlore,
 And hear Thou my moan.

With Thy hands Thou hast me wrought,
 Leave me not, leave me not ;
 With Thy hands Thou hast me wrought,
 Leave me not alone :
 I was sold, and Thou me bought,
 With Thy blood Thou hast me coft ;
 Now am I hither sought
 To Thee, Lord, alone.

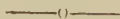
I cry and I call to Thee,
To leave me not, to leave me not ;
I cry and I call to Thee,
 To leave me not alone :
All they that laden be,
Thou bidst them come to Thee,
Then shall they saved be,
 Through Thy mercy alone.

Thou savest all the penitent,
And leav'st them not, and leav'st them not ;
Thou savest all the penitent,
 And leav'st them not alone.
All that will their sins repent,
None of them shall be shent ;
Suppose Thy bow be ready bent,
 Of them Thou killest none.

Faith, hope, and charity,
Leave me not, leave me not ;
Faith, hope, and charity,
 Leave me not alone.
I pray Thee, Lord, grant me
These godly giftes three,
Then shall I saved be,
 Doubt have I none.

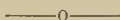
To the Father be all glore,
That leaves us not, that leaves us not ;
To the Father be all glore,
 That leaves us not alone.
Son and Holy Ghost evermore,
As it is and was before ;
Through Christ our Saviour
 We are safe every one.

Period Second.



HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY,
TO
JOHN DONNE.

Period Second.



Morning.

THE sun, when he hath spread his rays,
And shewed his face ten thousand ways,
Ten thousand things do then begin
To show the life that they are in.
The heaven shews lively art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs upon the earth ; anon,
The earth, as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind,
For well she feels that out and out
The sun doth warm her round about,
And dries her children tenderly,
And shews them forth full orderly,—
The mountains high, and how they stand !
The valleys, and the great mainland !
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long !
And even for joy of this great heat,
She showeth forth her pleasures great,
And sleeps no more, but sendeth forth
Her clergions, her own dear worth,

To mount and fly up to the air,
Where then they sing in order fair,
And tell in song full merrily
How they have slept full quietly
That night, about their mother's sides.
And when they have sung more besides,
Then fall they to their mother's breast,
Whereas they feed, or take their rest.
On hills then shew the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam.
Then tune the birds their harmony ;
Then flock the fowl in company ;
Then everything doth pleasure find
In that, that comforts all their kind.

SURREY.

Spring.

THE sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.
The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings ;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale ;
Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings :
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale ;
The adder all her slough away she flings ;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small ;
The busy bee her honey how she mings ;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

SURREY.

A Quiet Mind.

WHEN all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind :
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour :
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay ;
Whenas the Mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone ;
For many have been harm'd by speech,
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thought to cease ;
And he speaks best, that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death ;
Our kinsmen at the grave ;
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.

Wherefore, for Virtue's sake,
 I can be well content,
 The sweetest time in all my life
 To deem in thinking spent.

LORD VAUX.

Gray Hairs.

THESE hairs of Age are messengers,
 Which bid me fast, repent, and pray :
 They be of death the harbingers,
 Which do prepare and dress the way :
 Wherefore I joy that you may see
 Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
 How far my race was for to run ;
 They say my youth is fled, with strength,
 And how old age is well begun :
 The which I feel ; and you may see
 Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings, of sober sound,
 Whose music is harmonical :
 Their tunes declare—a time from ground
 I came, and how thereto I shall !
 Wherefore I joy that you may see
 Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those who white hairs have,
 No worse them take than I have meant ;

That after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy, their lives well spent.
God grant, likewise, that you may see
Upon your head such hairs to be.

LORD VAUX.

Idleness.

WHAT heart can think, or tongue express,
The harm that groweth of idleness ?

This idleness in some of us
Is seen to seem a thing but slight ;
But if that sum the sums discuss,
The total sum doth show us straight
This idleness to weigh such weight
That it no tongue can well express
The harm that groweth of idleness.

This vice I liken to a weed
That husbandmen have namèd tyne,
The which in corn doth root and breed :
The grain to ground it doth incline,
It never ripeth but rotteth in fine ;
And even a like thing is to guess
Against all virtue, idleness.

As some one virtue may by grace
Suppress of vices many a one,
So is one vice, once taken place,
Destroyeth all virtues every one :
Where this vice cometh, all virtues are gone,
In no kind of good business
Can company with idleness.

To cleanse the corn, as men at need,
Weed out all weeds, and tyne for chief,
Let diligence, our weed-hook, weed
All vice from us for like relief;
As faith may faithfully shew proof,
By faithful, fruitful business,
To weed out fruitless idleness.

HEYWOOD.

Thanks for a Summer's Day.

O PERFECT light which shaid away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night.

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
Than at midday unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by,
Then in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

Which soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing, and the snipe,
And tune their song like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abroad.

For joy the birds with boulden throats,
Against his visage sheen,
Take up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

Rises the careful husbandman,
His corn and vines to see,
And every timeous artizan
In booths works busily.

The passenger, from perils sure,
Goes gladly forth the way ;
Brief, every living creature
Takes comfort of the day.

The misty fog, the clouds of rain,
From tops of mountains skails ;
Clear are the highest hills and plain,
The vapours take the vales.

The ample heaven, of fabric sure,
In clearness does surpass
The crystal and the silver, pure
As clearest polish'd glass.

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That no where shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
The air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or stir.

The rivers fresh, the cooling streams,
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand ;
The waves, that weltering wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the sessile air,
That every cry and call,
The hills and dales, and forests fair,
Again repeats them all.

The clogged busy humming bees,
That never think to drown,
On flowers and flourishes of trees,
Collect their liquor brown.

The sun, most like a speedy post,
With ardent course ascends ;
The beauty of our heavenly host
Up to our zenith tends.

The breathless flocks draw to the shade
And freshness of their fold ;
The startling ox, as it were mad,
Runs to the rivers cold.

The herds beneath some leafy trees,
Amidst the flow'rs they lie ;
The stable ships upon the seas
Tend up their sails to dry.

The labourers that timely rose,
All weary, faint, and weak,
For heat down to their houses goes,
Noon-meat and sleep to take.

The dove with whistling wings so blue,
The winds can fast collect ;
Her purple pens turn many a hue
Against the sun direct.

Now noon is gone—gone is midday,
The heat does slake at last ;
The sun descends down west away,
For three o'clock is past.

Great is the calm, for everywhere
The wind is setting down ;
The smoke throws up right in the air,
From every tower and town.

The mavis and the philomeen,
The sterling whistles loud,
The cushats on the branches green,
Full quietly they crood.

The glomin comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.

What pleasure then to walk and see,
Endlang a river clear ;
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With trumpet and with shalm.

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of Heaven,
Who sent this summer day.

HUME.

The Cross of Christ.

RISE, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where Time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse,
But down in midnight darkness let them lie,
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye,
That holy cross whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die,
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To thee, O Jesu ! I direct mine eyes,
To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees ;
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees :
To thee myself, myself and all I give ;
To thee I die, to thee I only live.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

An Epitaph.

EVEN such is time, which takes on trust
Our youth, and joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

Hymn to the Saviour,

BEGIN from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylfull ox and humble ass,
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read in the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His canker'd foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His pains, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both by great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betray'd, and false accused,
How with most scornful taunts, and fell despight
He was revil'd, disgrac'd, and foule abused ;

How scourged, how crown'd, how buffeted, how
bruised ;
And, lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucify'd,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and
side !

With sense whereof, whilst so thy softened spirit
Is inly touch'd, and humbled with meek zeal
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to the Author of thy weal,
And to his souveraine mercie do appeal ;
Learn him to love that loved thee so dear,
And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him love, and his behests embrace ;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himself to thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possesse,
And ravish'd with devouring great desire
Of his dear selfe, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeal, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee dye,
And all earth's glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seem dust and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze,
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravish'd soule inspired be
With heavenly thoughts, far above human skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' idea of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestial love,
Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

SPENSER.

The Ways of God Unsearchable.

Of things unseen how canst thou deem aright—
They answerèd the righteous Artegal—
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight ?
What though the sea with waves continual
Do eat the earth ? It is no more at all :
Nor is the earth the less, or loseth ought :
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought :
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if
sought.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying unto it do fade ;
For of the earth they formed were of yore :
However gay their blossom or their blade
Do flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die
They turn to that whereof they first were made ?
All in the power of their great Maker lie,
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most High.

They live, they die, like as He doth ordain,
Nor ever any asketh reason why :

The hills do not the lowly dales disdain ,
The dales do not the lofty hills envy.
He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty ;
He maketh subjects to their power obey ;
He pulleth down, he setteth up on high ;
He gives to this, from that he takes away ;
For all we have is his : what he list do, he may.

Whatever thing is done, by Him is done,
Nor any may His mighty will withstand ;
Nor any may His sovereign power shun,
Nor loose what He hath bound with steadfast hand :
In vain, therefore, dost thou now take in hand
To call to 'count, or weigh His works anew,
Whose counsel's depth thou canst not understand ;
Sith of things subject to thy daily view
Thou dost not know the causes, nor their courses
due.

For, take thy balance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under Heaven doth blow ;
Or weigh the light that in the East doth rise ;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth
flow :
But if the weight of these thou canst not shew,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall :
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That dost not know the least thing of them all ?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

SPENSER.

Hymn of Heavenly Beauty.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravished thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high-conceited sprites,
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe, then, O thou most Almighty Sprite !
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beams to mortal eyes below
Of that immortal beauty there with thee,
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see ;

That with the glory of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair-seeming shews, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
The eternal fountain of that Heavenly Beauty.

Fair is the heaven where happy souls have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie,
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine eternal Majesty :
More fair is that, where those Ideas on high
Enranged be, which Plato so admired,
And pure Intelligences from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do reign
The sovereign Powers, and mighty Potentates,

Which in their high protections do contain
All mortal princes and imperial states ;
And fairer yet, where as the Royal seats
And Heavenly Dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is set.

Yet far more fair be those bright cherubim,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternal burning seraphim,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light ;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be the angels and archangels which attend
On God's own person without rest or end.

These thus in fair each other far excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more near,
Yet is that Highest far beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their beauty joined together were :
How then can mortal tongue hope to express,
The image of such endless perfectness ?

Cease, then, my tongue ! and lend unto my mind
Leave to bethink how great that beauty is
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find ;
How much more these essential parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his bliss,
His grace, his doom, his mercy, and his might,
By which he lends us of himself a sight !

Those unto all he daily does display,
And shew himself in the image of his grace,
As in a looking-glass, through which he may
Be seen of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face,
His glorious face, which glistereth else so bright,
That the angels selves cannot endure his sight.

But we, frail wights ! whose sight cannot sustain
The sun's bright beams when he on us doth shine,
But that their points rebutted back again
Are dulled, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glory of that majesty divine
In sight of whom both sun and moon are dark,
Compared to his least resplendent spark ?

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold is on his works to look,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brazen book,
To read enregistered in every nook
His goodness, which his beauty doth declare ;
For all that 's good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To imp the wings of thy high-flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind,
And, like the native brood of eagles' kind,
On that bright Sun of Glory fix thine eyes,
Cleared from gross mists of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
Before the footstool of his majesty
Throw thyself down with trembling innocence.
Ne dare look up with corruptible eye
On the dread face of that great Deity,
For fear lest, if he chance to look on thee,
Thou turn to nought and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercy-seat,
Close-covered with the Lamb's integrity
From the just wrath of this avengeful threat
That sits upon the righteous throne on high.
His throne is built upon eternity,

More firm and durable than steel or brass,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth pass.

There in his bosom Sapience doth sit,
The sovereign dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queen in royal robes, most fit
For so great power and peerless majesty,
And all with gems and jewels gorgeously
Adorned, that brighter than the stars appear,
And make her native brightness seem more clear.

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in sign of highest sovereignty ;
And in her hand a sceptre she doth hold
With which she rules the house of God on high,
And manageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her power imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both contain ;
For of her fulness, which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and do in state remain
As their great Maker did at first ordain,
Through observation of her high behest,
By which they first were made and still increased.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her sovereign praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that fair love of mighty Heaven's King ;
Enough is me to admire so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possessed,
In the only wonder of her self to rest.

But whoso may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,

And lets his own beloved to behold ;
For in the view of her celestial face
All joy, all bliss, all happiness have place ;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of herself can win the wishful sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bower,
The eternal portion of her precious dower,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasure they conceive
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the sprite ;

In which they see such admirable things
As carries them into an extasy,
And hear such heavenly notes and carrollings
Of God's high praise, that fills the brazen sky,
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense
Or idle thought of earthly things remain,
But all that erst seemed sweet seems now offence,
And all that pleased erst now seems to pain :
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they see ;
All other sights but feigned shadows be.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satiety,
That in nought else on earth they can delight
But in th' aspect of that felicity,
Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed and in their fastened mind
All happy joy and full contentment find.

Then look at last up to that sovereign light
From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly sprite,
Even the Love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay seeming things ;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possessed,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

SPENSER.

A Harmony.

EFTSOONES they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight that did it hear,
To read what manner music that might be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony :
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet ;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet

With the base murmur of the water's fall ;
The water's fall, with difference discrete,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
'The gentle warbling wind low answerèd to all.

SPENSER.

Angels Watching and Ministering.

AND is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to us creatures base,
That may compassion of our evils move ?
There is :—Else much more wretched were the
case
Of men than beasts : But, oh ! the exceeding
grace
Of Highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace ;
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight : they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
And all for love, and nothing for reward :
Oh, why should Heavenly God to men have such
regard !

SPENSER.

Psalm xxiii.

'THE Lord, the Lord my Shepherd is,
And so can never I
Taste misery :
He rests me in green pastures his ;
By waters still and sweet,
He guides my feet.

He me revives ; leads me the way
Which righteousness doth take,
For his name's sake :
Yea, though I should through valleys stray
Of death's dark shade, I will
No whit fear ill.

For Thou, dear Lord, Thou me besettest
Thy rod and Thy staff be
To comfort me ;
Before me Thou a table sett'st,
Even when foe's envious eye
Doth it espy.

Thou oil'st my head, Thou fill'st my cup ;
Nay more, Thou endless good
Shalt give me food.
To Thee, I say, ascended up,
Where Thou the Lord of all
Dost hold Thy hall.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Music and Beauty.

O you that hear this voice,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice
Deserves the former place :
Fear not to judge this bate,
For it is void of hate.

This side doth beauty take,
For that doth music speak,
Fit orators to make
The strongest judgments weak :
The bar to plead their right,
Is only true delight.

This doth the voice and face,
These gentle lawyers wage,
Like loving brothers' case,
For father's heritage :
That each while each contends,
Itself to other lends.

For beauty beautifies,
With heavenly hue and grace,
The heavenly harmonies ;
And in this faultless face,
The perfect beauties be,
A perfect harmony.

Music more lofty swells
In speeches nobly placed :
Beauty as far excels
In action aptly graced :
A friend each party draws,
To countenance his cause.

Love more affected seems
To beauty's lovely light,
And wonder more esteems
Of music's wondrous might ;
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Music doth witness call
The ear his truth to try :
Beauty brings to the hall
Eye-judgment of the eye.
Both in their objects such
As no exceptions touch.

The common sense, which might
Be arbiter of this,
To be forsooth upright,
To both sides partial is :
He lays on this chief praise,
Chief praise on that he lays.

Then reason princess try,
Whose throne is in the mind,
Which music can in sky
And hidden beauties find,
Say whether thou wilt crown
With limitless renown.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Thou, God, Scest Me.

O LORD ! in me there lieth nought
But to Thy search revealed lies ;
For when I sit,
Thou markest it,

No less Thou notest when I rise ;
Yea, closest closet of my thought
Hath open windows to Thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk ;
When to my bed for rest I go
I find Thee there,
And everywhere ;
Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk,
But yet unuttered Thou dost know.

To shun Thy notice, leave Thine eye,
O whither might I take my way ?
To starry sphere ?
Thy throne is there.
To dead men's undelightsome stay ?
There is Thy walk, and there to lie
Unknown, in vain I should essay.

O sun, whom light nor flight can match,
Suppose Thy lightful, flightful wings
Thou lend to me,
And I could flee,
As far as thee the evening brings ;
Even led to west He would me catch,
Nor should I lurk with western things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me ;
The sable veil
Shall vainly fail ;
With day unmasked my night shall be :
For night is day, and darkness light,
O Father of all lights, to thee.

God's Eye.

IF our God we had forsaken,
 Or forgot what he assign'd,
 If ourselves we had betaken
 Gods to serve of other kind,
 Should not He our doubling find,
 Though concealed and closely lurking ?
 Since his eye of deepest mind,
 Deeper sinks than deepest working.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Reality of a True Religion.

FOR sure in all kinds of hypocrisy
 No bodies yet are found of constant being ;
 No uniform, no stable mystery,
 No inward nature, but an outward seeming ;
 No solid truth, no virtue, holiness,
 But types of these, which time makes more or less.

And from these springs, strange inundations flow,
 To drown the sea-marks of humanity,
 With massacres, conspiracy, treason, woe,
 By sects and schisms profaning Deity ;
 Besides, with furies, fiends, earth, air and hell,
 They fit, and teach confusion to rebel.

But, as there lives a true God in the heaven,
 So is there true religion here on earth :
 By nature ? No, by grace ; not got, but given ;
 Inspir'd, not taught ; from God a second birth ;
 God dwelleth near about us, even within,
 Working the goodness, censuring the sin.

Such as we are to Him, to us is He,
 Without God there was no man ever good ;
 Divine the author and the matter be,
 Where goodness must be wrought in flesh and blood :
 Religion stands not in corrupted things,
 But virtues that descend have heavenly wings.

LORD BROOKE.

Religion.

FOR what else is religion in mankind,
 But raising of God's image there decay'd ?
 No habit, but a hallowed state of mind
 Working in us, that he may be obey'd ;
 As God by it with us communicates,
 So we by duties must with all estates.

With our Creator, by sincere devotion ;
 With creatures, by observance and affection ;
 Superiors by respect of their promotion ;
 Inferiors, with the nature of protection ;
 With all, by using all things of our own
 For other's good, not to ourselves alone.

And even this sacred band, this heavenly breath
 In man his understanding, knowledge is ;
 Obedience in his will ; in conscience faith ;
 Affections, love ; in death itself a bliss ;
 In body, temp'rance ; life, humility ;
 Pledge to the mortal of eternity.

Pure only where God makes the spirits pure :
 It perfect grows, as imperfection dies ;

Built on the rock of truth that shall endure ;
A spirit of God, that needs must multiply ;
 He shows his glory clearly to the best,
 Appears in clouds and darkness to the rest.

LORD BROOKE.

True Use of Knowledge.

THE chief use then in man of that he knows,
Is his painstaking for the good of all,
Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soul that overflows
With bitterness, breath'd out from inward thrall ;
 “ But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or bind,
 As need requires, this frail, fall'n humankind.”

Yet some seek knowledge, merely to be known,
And idle curiosity that is ;
Some but to sell, not freely to bestow,
These gain and spend both time and wealth amiss ;
Embasing hearts, by basely deeming so ;
 Some to build others, which is charity ;
 But these to build themselves, who wise men be.

And to conclude, whether we would erect
Ourselves, or others, by this choice of arts,
Our chief endeavour must be to effect
A sound foundation, not on sandy parts
 Of light opinion, selfness, words of men,
 But that sure rock of truth, God's word, or pen.

Next, that we do not overbuild our states,
In searching secrets of the Deity,

Obscurities of nature, casualty of fates,
 But measure first our own humanity,
 Then on our gifts impose an equal rate,
 And so seek wisdom with sobriety :
 “ Not curious what our fellows ought to do,
 But what our own creation binds us to.”

Thus are true learnings in the humble heart,
 A spiritual work, raising God's image, razed
 By our transgression ; a well-framed art,
 At which the world and error stand amazed ;
 A light divine, where man sees joy ; a heart
 Immortal, in this mortal body placed ;
 A wisdom, which The Wisdom us assureth
 With hers even to the sight of God endureth.

LORD BROOKE.

A Prayer.

PLANT, Lord, in me, the tree of godly life,
 Hedge me about with Thy strong fence of faith ;
 If Thee it please, use eke Thy pruning-knife,
 Lest that, O Lord ! as a good gardener saith—
 If suckers draw the sap from bows on high,
 Perhaps in time the top of tree may die.
 Let, Lord, this tree be set within Thy garden wall
 Of Paradise, where grows no one ill spring at all.

SIR NICHOLAS BRETON.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

O HOLY essence of all holiness ;
 Grace of all glory ; glory of all grace ;
 Perfection's virtue ; virtue's perfectness ;
 Place of all beauty ; beauty of all place ;

Truth's only trial ; time's eternity ;
Incomprehensible in thy Deity :

Wisdom's deviser ; father of her love ;
Constancy's proof ; and life of patience ;
Humility's essence ; faith's source above ;
Mercy's almighty glorious residence :
Thou, Jesus Christ, mine humble soul inflame,
To sing the glory of thy holy name.

Before what was, but that which ever is,
The Godhead, all incomprehensible ;
Thou Jesus Christ, the essence of all bliss,
But in His manhood only sensible,
My Saviour was, and in Himself alone
Containing all things, but contained in none.

The nature of all virtues in His nature
Had all their essence of their only being,
When in creation of each kind of creature
Wisdom in Him had only all her seeing,
Whose love in Him yet constant patience found,
That of her grace and glory was the ground.

His spotless virtue all His life did prove,
In doing good to all, and ill to none ;
His wisdom did the Doctors' wonder move ;
His love the touchstone of all truth alone ;
His constancy even to His dying hour
Did shew His patience had a heavenly power.

And for the note of His humility
His cross bare witness in His life and death,
Who bare all baseness' incivility,
Yet never breathed the smallest angry breath ;
O glorious King, that came from heaven on high,
Upon this earth for beggars so to die.

Wouldst thou be humble ? in His lowliness
Learn to submit thyself to higher powers.
Wouldst thou be blessed ? in His blessedness
Learn to bestow the labour of thine hours.
Wouldst thou be holy, and live happy ever ?
Live in His love, and thou shalt live for ever.

SIR NICHOLAS BRETON.

I would and I would not.

I would I were a man of greatest power,
That sways a sceptre on this world's great mass,
That I might sit on top of pleasure's tower,
And make my will my way, where'er I pass,
That law might have her being from my breath,
My smile might be a life, my frown a death.

And yet I would not ; for then do I fear
Envy or malice would betray my trust,
And some vile spirit, though against the hair,
Would seek to lay mine honour in the dust :
Treason or murder would beset me so,
I should not know who were my friend or foe.

No, I do rather wish the low estate,
And be an honest man of mean degree ;
Beloved for good, and give no cause of hate,
And climb no higher than a hawthorn tree ;
Pay every man his own, give reason right,
And work all day, and take my rest at night.

For sure in courts are worlds of costly cares,
That cumber reason in his course of rest :
Let me but learn how thrift both spends and spares,
And make enough as good as any feast.

And yet I would not ; for then ten to one
I should be called but a precisian,
Or formalist ; and might go preach alone
Unto my holy brother puritan ;
And so be flouted for my zealous love,
In taking pains for other men's behove.

No ; I had rather read and understand
The rules of grace, that have the learned led
To know the power of the Almighty hand,
And with what food the blessed flock are fed :
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
To lead into presumption or despair.

To tell you truly what I wish to be,
And never would be other, if I could,
But in the comfort of the heavens' decree
In soul and body that I ever should—
Tho' in the world, not to the world to live,
But to my God my service wholly give.

This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious servant of my God ;
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod ;
Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.
And fast and pray my days may have good end,
And welcome all that pleaseth God to send.

I would I were a player and could act
As many parts as came upon a stage ;
And in my brain could make a full compact
Of all that passeth betwixt youth and age,
That I might have five shares in every play,
And let them laugh that bear the bell away.

I would I were a poet, and could write
The passage of this paltry world in rhyme ;
And talk of wars and many a valiant fight,
And how the captains did to honour climb ;
Of wise and fair, of gracious, virtuous, kind,
And of the bounty of a noble mind.

And yet I would not ; for then would my brains
Be with a world of toys intoxicate ;
And I should fall upon a thousand veins
Of this and that, and well I know not what :
When some would say, that saw my frantic fits,
Surely the poet is beside his wits.

I would I were an excellent divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends ;
The world might hear out of this mouth of mine
How God did make his enemies his friends :
I were so followed as if none but I
Could plainly speak of true divinity.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,
For all estates within the state of grace ;
That careful love might never know despair,
No servile fear might faithful love deface :
And this would I both day and night devise,
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life ;
Persuade the troubled soul to patience ;
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace :
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,

And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

Flatter not folly with an idle faith,
Nor let earth stand upon her own desert ;
But show what wisdom in the Scripture saith,
The fruitful hand doth shew the faithful heart :
Believe the word, and thereto bend thy will,
And teach obedience for a blessed skill.

B. N.

The End of Learning.

THIS is learning, to have skill to throw
Reins on your body's powers that nothing know ;
And fill the soul's powers so with act and art,
That she can curb the body's angry part ;
All perturbations, all effects that stray
From their one object, which is to obey
Her sovereign empire ; as herself should force
Their functions only to serve her discourse ;
And that, to beat the straight part of one end,
Which is, to make her substance still contend
To be God's image, in informing it
With knowledge, holy thoughts, and all forms fit
For that eternity ye seek in way
Of His sole imitation, and to sway
Your life's love too, that He may still be centre
To all your pleasures, and you, here, may enter
The next life's peace, in governing so well
Your lower parts, that you as free may dwell
Of vulgar raptures here, as when calm death
Dissolves that learned empire with your breath.

To teach and live thus is the only use
And end of learning. Skill that doth produce
But terms and tongues, and parroting of art,
Without that power to rule the errant part,
Is that which some call learned ignorance,
A serious trifle, error in a trance ;
And let a scholar all earthly volumes carry,
He will be but a walking dictionary,—
A mere articulate clock that doth but speak
By other's arts.

CHAPMAN.

The Blessed Birthday.

Why should we not with joy resound and sing
The blessed natals of our heavenly King ?
Why should not we with mirth salute the morn
Of His birthday by whom we are new born ?
See how each creature in his kind rejoices,
And shall not we lift up melodious voices ?
Hear how the angels sing !—shall we be sad ?
The greatest good is ours—be we most glad.
Hear how the star-enamelled heavens rebound
With echoes of angelic anthems' sound !
It is for us that they those joys express,
And shall not we shew forth some thankfulness ?
Join we in concert these sweet choirs among,
In sundry voices sing we all one song,
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good-will towards Christians never cease.

FITZGEFFREY.

Ruins.

I do love these ancient ruins,
 We never tread upon them, but we set
 Our foot upon some reverend history ;
 And questionless, here in this open court,
 Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather, some lie interred,
 Who loved the Church well, and gave largely to't ;
 They thought it should have canopy'd their bones
 Till doomsday—but all things have their end.

WEBSTER.

Patience.

PATIENCE ! why, 'tis the soul of peace :
 Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven :
 It makes men look like gods. The best of men
 That ever wore earth about him was a sufferer ;
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
 The first true gentle-man that ever breathed.

DEKKER.

Contentment.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd ?
 O punishment !
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face.

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring ?

O sweet content !

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
tears ?

O punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face.

DEKKER.

God.

SUPREME Essence, Beginning unbegun,

Aye trinal One,—one undivided Three,—

Eternal Word, that victory has won

O'er death, o'er hell, triumphing on the Tree,

Foreknowledge, Wisdom, and all-seeing Eye,

Jehovah, Alpha and Omega, All,—

Like unto none, and none like unto Thee,

Unmoved who moves the rounds about the ball,

Container uncontained ; is, was, and shall

Be sempiternal, merciful, and just,—

Creator uncreated, now I call,

Teach me Thy truth since unto Thee I trust,

Increase, confirm, and kindle from above,

My faith, my hope, but more than all, my love.

MONTGOMERIE.

Look Home.

RETIRED thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye :
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all miracles summed lie,—
Of fairest forms and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create ;
To nature's patterns adding higher skill
Of finest works ; wit better could the state,
If force of wit had equal power of will.
Devise of man in working hath no end ;
What thought can think another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might.
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And, to discern this bliss, a native light ;
To frame God's image as his worth required,
His might, His skill, His word, and will conspired.

SOUTHWELL.

Times Go by Turns.

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower :
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow ;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb :
Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day ;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
The man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd ;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall ;
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

SOUTHWELL.

Psalm xc.

O LORD, Thou art our home, to whom we fly,
And so hast always been from age to age :
Before the hills did intercept the eye,
Or that the frame was up of earthly stage,
One God Thou wert, and art, and still shalt be,
The line of time it doth not measure Thee.

Both death and life obey Thy holy love,
And visit in their turns as they are sent :
A thousand years with Thee they are no more
Than yesterday, which ere it is, is spent ;

Or as a watch by night, that course doth keep,
And goes and comes unware to them that sleep.

Thou carriest man away as with a tide
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high,
Much like a mocking dream that will not bide
But flies before the sight of waking eye,
Or as the grass that cannot term obtain
To see the summer come about again.

At morning fair, it musters on the ground ;
At even it is cut down and laid along ;
And though it spared were and favour found,
The weather should perform the mower's wrong ;
Thus hast thou hanged our life on brittle pins,
To let us know it will not bear our sins.

Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,
Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply ;
For that which guides man best in all his ways
Is meditation of mortality :
This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,
Teach us to consecrate to hour of death.

Return unto us, Lord, and balance now
With days of joy our days of misery :
Help us right soon, our knees to Thee we bow,
Depending wholly on Thy clemency :
Then shall Thy servants, both with heart and voice,
All the days of their life in Thee rejoice.

LORD BACON.

Rest.

HE that to such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers, nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same ;
What a fair seat hath he from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey.

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood, where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil,
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

Although his heart so near allied to earth,
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality
That thus make way to the repeated birth
Of their own sorrows, and so still beget
Affliction upon imbecility ;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon, not strange, but as foredone.

And while distraught ambition compasses
And is incompassed, whilst as craft deceives
And is deceived, whilst man doth ransack man
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,

And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes, he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of the world, about the which
Those revolutions of disturbances
Still rule, where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate, whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress ;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !

And how turmoiled are they that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence ;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years, and even deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death ; that when ability expires
Desire still lives : so much delight they have
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends we see, and what is even the best
They reach unto when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory, and we know
This floating life hath but one port of rest,
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come :
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This gladsome concord of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working Hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,

Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man, nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord, but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality. DANIEL.

The Golden Age.

O HAPPY, golden age !
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropped from trees ;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees ;
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th' eternal flowering spring,
Wherein lived everything,
And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile,
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores, or wars or wares ill sought.

But only for that name,
That idle name of wind,
That idol of deceit, that empty sound,
Called Selfishness, which came
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet sadly found ;
Nor yet sad grief imparted,
Amidst the sweet delights,
Of joyful, happy wights.
Nor were his hard laws known to the free-born
hearted,
But golden laws like these
Which Nature wrote. Man sought his God to please.

DANIEL.

Adversitie.

He who hath never warr'd with misery,
Nor ever tugged with fortune and distress,
Hath had n' occasion nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness :
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as concealed, affliction must express ;
And only men show their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone,
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame than thy best fortunes could have done ;
For ever by adversitie are wrought
The greatest works of admiration ;
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Not to be unhappy is unhappiness,
And misery not to have known misery,
For the best way unto discretion, is
The way that leads us by adversity.
And men are better shown what is amiss,
By th' expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never shows them the true face of things.

It is not but the tempest that doth shew
The sea-man's cunning; but the field that tries
The captaines courage: and we come to know
Best what men are in their worst jeopardies.

For, lo ! how many have we seen to grow
To high renown from lowest miseries,
Out of the hands of death, and many a one
To have been undone, had they not been undone.

DANIEL.

Opinion.

OPINION, how dost thou molest
The affected mind of restless man ?
Who following thee never can,
Nor ever shall attain to rest,
For getting what thou sayest is best.
Yet, lo ! that best he finds far wide
Of what thou promisedst before .
For in the same he looked for more,
Which proves but small when once 'tis tried.
Then something else thou findest beside,
To draw him still from thought to thought ;
When in the end all proves but naught.
Farther from rest he finds him then,
Than at the first when he began.

O malcontent, alluring guest,
Contriver of our greatest woes ;
Which born of wind, and fed with shows,
Dost nurse thyself in thy unrest ;
Judging ungotten things the best,
Or what thou in conceit designest ;
And all things in the world dost deem,
Not as they are, but as they seem ;
Which shows their state thou ill definest :
And livest to come—in present pinest.

For what thou hast, thou still dost lack,
 O mind's tormentor, body's wrack,
 Vain promiser of that sweet rest,
 Which never any yet possessed.

If we unto ambition tend,
 Then dost thou draw our weakness on,
 With vain imagination
 Of that which never had an end.
 Thou tellest us that is ever best
 Which we have never yet possessed.
 And that more pleasure rests beside,
 In something that we have not tried.
 And when the same likewise is had,
 Then all is one, and all is bad.

To this conclusion all is brought :
 This is that rest this vain world lends,
 To end in death that all things ends.

DANIEL.

Heavenly Mansions.

SITH God is ever changeless as He's good,
 We worms most mutable, in spite of change,
 May ever stand in Him that ever stood,
 By faith, and hope, and love ; and never range
 But when through Him we go to places strange.
 And though by nature mutable we be,
 Yet may His grace from us that state estrange,
 And match us to immutability
 In the bride-chamber of felicity.

He's true of promise, sith He cannot change ;
 Then why should sorrowing sinners fear to die ?

Since earth's familiars are to heaven strange,
Then heaven we cannot have while here we lie.
And He that's free from all uncertainty,
Hath in His ever never-failing Word,
Given us by deed, with His blood sealed, an high
And Heavenly mansion, which He doth afford
To all, whose wills do with His will accord.

DAVIES.

Man—The Aspirer.

NATURE that formed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

MARLOWE.

The Soul's Errand.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand !
Fear not to touch the best ;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court—it glows
 And shines like rotten wood ;
Go, tell the Church—it shows
 What's good, and doth no good.
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates—they live,
 Acting by others actions,
Not loved unless they give,
 Not strong but by their factions.
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of state—
Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practice—only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal—it lacks devotion ;
 Tell Love—it is but lust ;
Tell Time—it is but motion ;
 Tell Flesh—it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age—it daily wasteth ;
 Tell Honour—how it alters ;
Tell Beauty—how she blasteth ;
 Tell Favour—how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit—how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom—she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic—of her boldness ;
 Tell Skill—it is pretension ;
Tell Charity—of coldness ;
 Tell Law—it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune—of her blindness ;
 Tell Nature—of decay ;
Tell Friendship—of unkindness ;
 Tell Justice—of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts—they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
Tell Schools—they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith—it's fled the city ;
 Tell how the country erreth ;
Tell, Manhood shakes off pity ;
 Tell, Virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

When thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
Although to give the lie,
 Deserves no less than stabbing :
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

SYLVESTER.

The Nightingale.

ALL these are nothing to the Nightingale,
Breathing so sweetly, from a breast so small,
So many tunes, whose harmony excells
Our voice, our viols, and all music else.
Good Lord ! how oft in a green oaken grove,
In the cool shadow have I stood and strove
To marry mine immortal lays to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious airs.
And yet, methinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A Nightingale to warble sweetly, clear.
Onewhile she bears the base, anon the tenor,
Anon the treble, then the counter-tenor :
Then all at once ; (as it were) challenging
The rarest voices with herself to sing.
Thence thirty steps, amid the leafy sprays,
Another Nightingale repeats her lays
Just note for note, and adds some strain at last,
That she hath connèd all the winter past :

The first replies, and déscants thereupon ;
 With divine warbles of division,
 Redoubling quavers ; And so, (turn by turn)
 Alternately they sing away the morn :
 So that the conquest in this curious strife
 Doth often cost the one her voice and life :
 Then the glad victor all the rest admire,
 And after count her mistress of the quire.
 At break of day, in a delicious song
 She sets the gamut to a hundred young :
 And, when as fit for higher tunes she sees them,
 Then learnedly she harder lessons gives them ;
 Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite,
 And follow all their mistress' rules aright.

SYLVESTER'S *Du Bartas*.

Man before the Fall, and since.

As soon as ever God had form'd thee,
 Into thy hands He put a monarchy :
 Made all the creatures know thee for their lord,
 And come before thee of their own accord :
 And gave thee power as master, to impose
 Fit sense-ful names unto the host that rows
 In watery regions ; and the wandering herds
 Of forest people ; and the painted birds :
 Oh, too, too happy ! had that fall of thine
 Not cancell'd so the character divine.

But since our soul's now sin-obscur'd light
 Shines through the lanthorn of our flesh so bright ;
 What sacred splendour will this star send forth
 When it shall shine without this veil of earth ?
 The soul here lodged is like a man that dwells

In an old house open to wind and weather ;
Never in health not half an hour together :
Or almost, like a spider who, confined
In her web's centre, shakes with every wind ;
Moves in an instant if the buzzing fly
Stir but a string of her lawn canopy.

SYLVESTER'S *Du Bartas*.

Song of the Faithful.

ISAIAH XII.

OH, living Lord, I still will laud Thy name,
For though Thou wert offended once with me,
Thy heavy wrath is turned from me again,
And graciously thou now dost comfort me.

Behold, the Lord is my salvation ;
I trust in Him and fear not any power ;
He is my song, the strength I lean upon ;
The Lord God is my loving Saviour.

Therefore with joy out of the well of life
Draw forth sweet water which it doth afford ;
And in the day of trouble and of strife
Call on the name of God, the living Lord.

Extol His works and wonders to the sun,
Unto all people let His praise be shown ;
Record in song the marvels He hath done,
And let His glory through the world be blown.

DRAYTON

Another Song of the Faithful.

ISAIAH XVI.

AND in that day this same shall be our song,
In Judah's land this shall be sung and said ;
We have a city which is wondrous strong,
And for the walls the Lord Himself our aid.

Open the gates, yea, set them open wide,
And let the godly and the righteous pass ;
Yea, let them enter and therein abide,
Which keep his laws and do his truth embrace.

And in Thy judgment Thou wilt sure preserve
In perfect peace those which do trust in Thee ;
Trust in the Lord, which doth all trust deserve,
He is thy strength, and none but only He.

With peace Thou wilt preserve us, Lord, alone,
For Thou hast wrought great wonders for our sake,
And other gods beside Thee we have none,
Only in Thee we all our comfort take.

The dead and such as sleep within the grave
Shall give no glory nor yield praise to Thee.
Which here on earth no place nor being have,
And Thou hast rooted out of memory.

Oh, Lord ! Thou dost this nation multiply,
Thou, Lord, hast blest this nation with increase ;
Thou art most glorious in Thy majesty ;
Thou hast enlarged the earth with perfect peace.

The dead shall live, and such as sleep in grave
With their own bodies once shall rise again.
Sing, ye that in the earth your dwelling have ;
The earth no more her bodies shall retain.

DRAYTON.

A Prayer in the Person of the Faithful.

HAVE mercy on us, blessed Lord,
Which madest all things with Thy Word ;
Behold us, Saviour, from above,
Illuminate us with Thy love :

Oh, Lord, lift up Thy mighty hand !
The world Thy power shall understand ;
As by us Thou art sanctified,
By them so be Thou magnified ;

That they may learn Thy power to know
As we that be Thy servants do ;
Thou art the living Lord alone,
And other gods beside Thee, none.

Renew the signs, Lord, Thou hast shown,
And let Thy wondrous works be known ;
Declare the strength of Thy right hand ;
Let them Thy power understand.

Lord, gather Jacob unto Thee,
That they Thy might and power may see,
That they Thy wondrous works may show,
And to be Thine themselves may know.

Unto Thy folks impute no blame
Which ever call upon Thy name ;
To Israël, Lord, be thou mild,
Thy only heir, Thy first-born child.

Unto Jerusalem shew pity,
Thy sanctuary and Thy city ;
Bless Zion where Thy prophets live,
Thy glory to Thy people give.

And be Thou witness unto those
Which have been Thine still to dispose,
And raise them up, O Lord, on high,
Which in Thy name do prophecy.

Guide us in way of righteousness :
The earth Thy glory shall express ;
And to the world it shall be known
Thou art eternal and alone.

DRAYTON.

Birds at Morning.

WHEN the sun lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant
spring,

But ' hunt's-up ' to the morn the feathered sylvans sing :
And in the lower grove as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
These choristers are perched with many a speckled
breast.

Then from her burnished gate the goodly glitt'ring
east

Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's
sight :

On which the mirthful choirs, with their clear open
throats,

Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them every-
where.

The thristle with shrill sharps ; as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless sun, or chiding, that so long

He was in coming forth, that should the thickets
thrill ;

The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill ;
As nature him had marked of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be :
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant
May ;

Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw,
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would
spare,

That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.

DRAYTON.

The Decay of Summer.

FAIR summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore,
So fair a summer look for never more :
All good things vanish less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.

Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is dark, when thou leavest to appear.
What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed ?
O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source,
Streams turn to tears your tributary course.

Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is dark, when thou leavest to appear.

NASH.

At Mount Olibet.

FORWARD he passed, and in the grove before
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was ;
There rolled a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sighed the winds, as through the leaves they
pass ;

There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,
There sung the swan, and singing died, alas !
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice, he heard,
And all these sounds one sound yet well declared.

On the green banks which that fair stream inbound,
Flowers and odours sweetly breathed and smelled,
Which reaching out its stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found ;
This in the wood, in that the forest dwelled :
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees
aye made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

Where'er he stepped, it seemed the joyful ground
Renewed the verdure of her flowery weed ;
A fountain here, a well spring there he found ;
Here bud the roses, there the lilies spread :
The aged wood o'er and about him round
Flourished with blossoms new, new leaves, new seed ;
And on the boughs and branches of those trees
The bark was softened, and renewed the green.

The manna on each leaf did pearled lie ;
The honey still'd from the tender rind :
Again he heard that wonderful harmony
Of songs and sweet complaints of lovers kind ;

The human voices sung a treble high,
 To which respond the birds, the streams, the wind ;
 But yet unseen those various singers were,
 Unseen the lutes, harps, viols which they bear.

FAIRFAX'S *Tasso*.

Farewell to the Vanities of the World.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies ! pleasing troubles :
 Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles ;
 Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
 Honour the darling but of one short day,
 Beauty the eye's idol, but a damasked skin,
 State but a golden prison to live in
 And torture free-born minds ; embroidered trains
 Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;
 And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
 Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill ;
 I would be high, but see the proudest oak
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke ;
 I would be rich, but see men too unkind
 Dig in the bowels of the richest mind ;
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected while the ass goes free ;
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
 Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud ;
 I would be poor, but know the humble grass
 Still trampled on by each unworthy ass ;
 Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorned, if poor ;
 Great, feared ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied more.

I have wished all, but now I wish for neither
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair—poor I'll be rather.

Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives :
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine ;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of that empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts ! welcome, ye silent groves !
These guests, these courts my soul most dearly loves.
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring ;
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I shall adore sweet virtue's face ;
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears :
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my past life's folly,
And learn to affect a holy melancholy ;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath :

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice ; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
Whose state can neither flatterers feed
Nor ruin made oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ?

This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all .

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Hymn.

ETERNAL mover, whose diffused glory,
To show our grovelling reason what Thou art,
Unfolds itself in clouds of nature's story,
Where man, Thy proudest creature, acts his part,
Whom yet, alas ! I know not why, we call
The world's contrasted sum, the little all.

For what are we but lumps of walking clay ?
Why should we swell ? whence should our spirits rise ?
Are not brute beasts as strong, and birds as gay,
Trees longer liv'd, and creeping things as wise ?
Only our souls were left an inward light,
To feel our weakness, and confess thy might.

Thou, then, our strength, Father of life and death,
To whom our thanks, our vows, ourselves we owe,
From me Thy tenant of the fading breath,
Accept those lines which from Thy goodness flow ;
And Thou, that wert Thy regal prophet's muse,
Do not Thy praise in weaker strains refuse.

Let these poor notes ascend unto thy throne,
Where majesty doth sit, with mercy crown'd,
Where my Redeemer lives, in whom alone
The errors of my wandering life are drowned,
Where all the quire of heathen resound the same,
That only Thine, Thine is the saving name.

Well then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain ;
Thy Christ hath conquered hell, shall from above
With greater triumph yet return again,
And conquer His own justice with His love;
Commanding earth and seas to render those
Unto His bliss, for whom He paid His woes.

Now have I done, now are my thoughts at peace,
And now are my joys stronger than my grief ;
I feel those comforts that shall never cease,
Future in hope, but present in belief :
Thy words are true, Thy promises are just,
And Thou wilt find Thy dearly bought in dust.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

A Meditation.

O THOU great Power ! in whom we move,
By whom we live, to whom we die,
Behold me through Thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,

And cleanse my sordid soul within
By Thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire ;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire :
O precious ransom ! which was paid,
That *Consummatum est* was said.

And said by Him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with His sacred breath ;
Thou, then, that hast dispurged our score,
And dying wert the death of death,
Be now, whilst on Thy name we call,
Our life, our strength, our joy, our all !

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The Soul.

THE lights of heaven (which are the world's fair eyes)
Look down into the world, the world to see ;
And as they turn on wander in the skies,
Survey all things that in this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tower do shine,
Mine eyes, which view all objects near and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

That power, which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myself infused an inward light,
Whereby my soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine ;
So the best sense with her reflecting thought
Seeks not herself without some light divine.

O light, which mak'st the light which makes the day,
Which set'st the eye without, and mind within,
Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear,
When the great wits, of whom all skill me learn,
Are ignorant both what she is, and where.

One thinks the soul is air ; another, fire ;
Another, blood diffused about the heart ;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies ;
Physicians hold that they complexions be ;
Epicures make them swarms of atonies,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one general soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star ;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
And that we only well-mixt bodies are.

But thou which didst man's soul of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fallen again,
To make it new, the form of man didst take,
And God with God becam'st a man with men ;

Thou that hast fashioned twice this soul of ours,
So that she is by double title Thine,
Thou only knowst her nature and her powers ;
Her subtile form Thou only canst define.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend ;
As greater circles comprehend the less :
But she wants power, her own power to extend ;
As fettered men cannot their strength express.

But Thou, bright morning Star, Thou rising Sun,
Which in these later times hast brought to light,
Those mysteries that, since the world begun,
Lay hid in darkness and eternal night ;

Thou, like the sun, dost with indifferent ray
Into the palace and the cottage shine,
And shew'st the soul both to the clerk and lay
By the clear lamp of Thy oracle divine.

This Lamp through all the regions of my brain,
Where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of
grace,
As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain,
Each subtile line of her immortal face.

The soul a substance and a spirit is,
Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man ; for every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.

And though this spirit be to the body knit,
As an apt means her powers to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,
Yet she survives, although the body dies.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Self-subsistence of the Soul.

SHE is a vine, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread herself, or spring upright ;
She is a star, whose beams do not proceed
From any sun, but from a native light.

When of the dew, which the eye and ear do take,
From flowers abroad, and bring into the brain ;
She doth within both wax and honey make :
This work is hers, this is her proper pain.

When in effects she doth the causes know ;
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring
doth rise ;
And seeing the branch, conceives the root below :
These things she views without the body's eyes.

These actions in her closet, all alone,
Retired within herself, she doth fulfil ;
Use of her body's organs she hath none,
When she doth use the powers of wit and will.

Yet in the body's prison so she lies,
As through the body's windows she must look,
Her diverse powers of sense to exercise,
By gathering notes out of the world's great book.

Nor can herself discourse or judge of aught,
But what the sense collects, and home doth bring ;
And yet the powers of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give them not their power of sight ;
So, though these fruits of sense her objects be,
Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

And so the soul, which is a lady free,
Doth the full justice of her state maintain ;
Because the senses ready servants be,
Attending nigh about her court, the brain.

By them the forms of outward things she learns,
For they return unto the fantasy,
Whatever each of them abroad discerns,
And there enrol it for the mind to see.

But when she sits to judge the good and ill,
And to discern betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the senses' skill,
But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

Then she the senses checks, which oft do err,
And even against their false reports decrees ;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer ;
For with a power above the sense she sees.

Therefore no sense the precious joys conceives,
Which in her private contemplations be ;
For then the ravished spirit the senses leaves,
Hath her own powers, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet and full of skill,
When on the body's instruments she plays ;
But the proportions of the wit and will,
Those sweet accords are even the angels' lays.

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
That she performs her noblest works alone ;
‘The work, the touchstone of the nature is ;
And by their operations, things are known.’

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Spirituality of the Soul.

BUT though this substance be the root of sense,
Sense knows her not, which doth but bodies know :
She is a spirit, and heavenly influence,
Which from the fountain of God’s Spirit doth flow.

For she all natures under heaven doth pass,
Being like those Spirits which God’s bright face do
see,
Or like Himself, whose image once she was,
Though now, alas ! she scarce his shadow be.

For of all forms, she holds the first degree,
That are to gross material bodies knit ;
Yet she herself is bodiless and free,
And, though confined, is almost infinite.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things,
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

This doth she, when, from things particular,
She doth abstract the universal kinds,
Which bodiless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodged within our minds.

Since body and soul have such diversities,
Well might we muse how first their match began :
But that we learn, that he that spread the skies,
And fixed the earth, first formed the soul in man.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Know Thyself.

And yet, alas ! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent ;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd,
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament ;

What can we know, or what can we discern,
When error clouds the windows of the mind ?
The diverse forms of things how can we learn,
That have been ever from our birth-day blind ?

When Reason's lamp, which, like the sun in sky,
Throughout man's little world her beams did
spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead ;

How can we hope that through the eye and ear,
This dying sparkle in this cloudy place,
Can recollect those beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infused in the first minds by grace ?

The wits that div'd most deep and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness
such ;
Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly ;
We learn so little, and forget so much.

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do ;
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause o' th' ebbs and floods of
Nile ;
But of that clock, which in our breasts we bear,
The subtile motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold both poles,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own souls.

For this few know themselves ; for merchants broke,
View their estate with discontent and pain ;
As seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feeblér sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
Making us pry into ourselves so near,
Teach us to know ourselves beyond our books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air ;
So working lees settle and purge the wine ;
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair ;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

The Dignity of Man.

O ! WHAT is man, great Maker of mankind !
That thou to him so great respect doth bear ;
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,—
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer ?

O ! what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire.

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath raised man, since God a man became ;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the same.

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend ;
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye ;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Anthem for the Cathedral of Exeter.

LORD, what am I ? A worm, dust, vapour, nothing !
 What is my life ? A dream, a daily dying !
 What is my flesh ? My soul's uneasie clothing !
 What is my time ? A minute ever flying :
 My time, my flesh, my life, and I ;
 What are we, Lord, but vanity ?

Lord, what art thou ? Pure life, power, beauty, bliss :
 Where dwell'st thou ? Up above, in perfect light :
 What is thy time ? Eternity it is :
 What state ? Attendance of each glorious spirit :
 Thyself, thy place, thy dayes, thy state
 Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach thee, Lord ? Oh, soar above,
 Ambitious soul : But which way should I flie ?
 Thou, Lord, art way and end : What wings have I ?
 Aspiring thoughts, of faith, of hope, of love :
 Oh, let these wings, that way alone,
 Present me to thy blissful throne.

HALL.

Sonnet.

HEAVENLY Messias ! sweet anointed King !
 Whose glory round about the world doth reach,
 Which every beast, plant, rock, and river teach,
 And airy birds like angels ever sing,
 And every gale of wind in gusts doth bring,
 And every man with reason ever preach :
 Behold, behold that lamentable breach
 Which, my distressed conscience to sting,
 False, spiteful Satan, in my soul doth make.

Oh, sweet Messiah! lend some gracious oil
 To cure that wound, even for Thy mercy's sake;
 Lest, by that breach, Thy temple be despoil.
 Help, help—my conscience thither him doth lead,
 And he will come, if Thou bruise not his head.

BARNES.

To God the Son.

GREAT Prince of heaven! begotten of that King
 Who rules the kingdom that himself did make,
 And of that virgin queen man's shape did take,
 Which from King David's royal stock did spring;
 No marvel, though Thy birth made angels sing,
 And angels' ditties shepherds' pipes awake,
 And kings, like shepherds, humbled for Thy sake
 Kneel at Thy feet, and gifts of homage bring:
 For heaven and earth, the high and low estate,
 As partners of Thy birth make equal claim:
 Angels, because in heaven God Thee begat,
 Shepherds and kings, because Thy mother came
 From princely race, and yet by poverty
 Made glory shine in her humility.

CONSTABLE.

A Hymn to God the Father.

I.

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
 Which was my sin, tho' it were done before?
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin, thro' which I run,
 And do run still, tho' still I do deplore?
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;
 For I have more.

II.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, which I have won
 Others to sin, and made my sin their door ?
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin, which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallowed in a score ?
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;
 For I have more.

III.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
 But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
 Shall shine, as He shines now and heretofore :
 And having done that, Thou hast done ;
 I fear no more.

DONNE.

From "Holy Sonnets."

I.

As due by many titles, I resign
 Myself to Thee, O God ! First I was made
 By Thee, and for Thee ; and when I was decayed
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was Thine.
 I am Thy son, made with Thyself to shine ;
 Thy servant, whose pains Thou hast still repaid ;
 Thy sheep, Thine image ; and, till I betrayed
 Myself, a temple of Thy Spirit divine.
 Why doth the devil then usurp on me ?
 Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's Thy right ?
 Except Thou rise, and for Thine own work fight,
 Oh ! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
 That Thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose
 me,
 And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

II.

Death ! be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death ! nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure,—then from thee much more must
flow ;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
men,
And doth with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou,
then ?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die.

III.

Why are we by all creatures waited on ?
Why do the prodigal elements supply
Life and food to me, being more than I,
Simpler, and farther from corruption ?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection ?
Why do you, bull and boar, so sillily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon ?
Weaker I am, woe's me ! and worse than you :
You have not sinned, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue ;
But their Creator, whom sin nor nature tied,
For us, his creatures, and his foes, hath died.

IV.

Wilt thou love God as He thee ? then digest,
 My soul, this wholesome meditation,
 How God the Spirit, by angels waited on
 In heaven, doth make His temple in thy breast.
 The Father having begot a Son most blest,
 And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun),
 Hath deigned to choose thee by adoption,
 Co-heir to his glory, and Sabbath's endless rest :
 And as a robbed man, which by search doth find
 His stol'n stuff sold, must lose, or buy't again ;
 The Son of Glory came down and was slain,
 Us, whom he had made, and Satan stole, to unbind.
 'Twas much that man was made like God before,
 But that God should be made like man, much more.

DONNE.

Hymn to God, my God.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,
 Where with the choir of saints for evermore
 I shall be made thy music, as I come
 I tune the instrument here at the door,
 And what I must do then think here before.

Whilst my physicians, by their love, are grown
 Cosmographers and I their map, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be shewn
 That this is my south-west discovery,
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die.

I joy that in these straits I see my west ;
 For though those currents yield return to none,
 What shall my west hurt me ? as west and east
 In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the resurrection.

DONNE.

Destiny.

GREAT Destiny ! the commissary of God !
Thou hast marked out a path and period
For everything ; who, where we offspring took,
Our ways and ends seest at one instant : Thou
Knot of all causes ; Thou whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, oh ! vouchsafe Thou to look,
And shew my story in Thy eternal book,
That (if my prayer be fit), I may understand
So much myself as to know with what hand,
How scant a liberal, this my life's race is spanned.

DONNE.

Sonnet.

AT the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels ! and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow ;
All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain ; and you whose eyes
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord ! and me mourn a space ;
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.

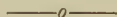
DONNE.

Period Third.



BEN JOHNSON
TO
JAMES SHIRLEY.

Period Third.



Life's Measure.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be !
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

To the Holy Trinity.

I.

O HOLY, blessed, glorious Trinity
Of Persons, still one God in unity,
The faithful man's believ'd mystery,
Help, help to lift
Myself up to Thee, harrow'd, torn, and bruised
By sin and Satan ; and my flesh misused,
As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,
O take my gift.

G

II.

All gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
 A broken heart Thou wert not wont despise ;
 But, 'bove the fat of rams and bulls, to prize —

An offering meet

For Thy acceptance ; O behold me right,
 And take compassion on my grievous plight !
 What odour can be, than a heart contrite,
 To Thee more sweet ?

III.

Eternal Father, God, who didst create
 This all of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,
 And breath'st into it life and light, and state

To worship Thee !

Eternal God the Son, who not denied'st
 To take our nature ; becam'st man, and died'st,
 To pay our debts, upon Thy cross, and cried'st
 "All 's done in me !"

IV.

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
 Father and Son—the Comforter, inbreeding
 Pure thoughts in man ; with fiery zeal them feeding

For acts of grace !

Increase those acts, O glorious Unity
 Of Persons, still one God in Trinity ;
 Till I attain the longed-for mystery
 Of seeing your face.

V.

Beholding One in Three, and Three in One,
 A Trinity to shine in Union ;
 The gladdest light dark man can think upon,
 O grant it me !

Father and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three
 All co-eternal in your Majesty,
 Distinct in Persons, yet in Unity—
 One God to see.

VI.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier !
 To hear, to mediate, sweeten my desire
 With grace, and love, with cherishing entire ;
 O then how blest !
 Among thy saints elected to abide,
 And with thy angels placéd, side by side,
 But in thy presence truly glorified,
 Shall I there rest.

BEN JONSON.

To the World.

FALSE world, good night; since thou hast brought
 That hour upon my morn of age,
 Henceforth I quit thee from my thought ;
 My part is ended on thy stage.
 Do not once hope that thou canst tempt
 A spirit so resolved to tread
 Upon thy throat, and live exempt
 From all the nets that thou canst spread.
 I know thy forms are studied arts,
 Thy subtle ways be narrow straits ;
 Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
 And what thou callest thy gifts are baits.
 I know too, though thou strut and paint,
 Yet art thou both shrunk up and old :
 That only fools make thee a saint,
 And all thy good is to be sold.

I know thou whole art but a shop
 Of toys and trifles, traps and snares
 To take the weak, or make them stop :
 Yet art thou falser than thy wares.
 And, knowing this, should I yet stay
 Like such as blow away their lives,
 And never will redeem a day,
 Enamoured of their golden gyves ?
 No ; I do know that I was born
 To age, misfortune, sickness, grief :
 But I will bear these with that scorn
 As shall not need thy false relief.
 Nor for my peace will I go far,
 As wanderers do, that still do roam,
 But make my strengths, such as they are,
 Here in my bosom, and at home.

BEN JONSON.

Echo on Narcissus.

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears ;
 Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle spring :
 List to the heavy part the music bears,
 Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
 Droup herbs and flowers ;
 Fall grief in showers ;
 Our beauties are not ours ;
 O, I could still
 (Like melting snow upon some craggy hill)
 Drop, drop, drop, drop,
 Since Nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

BEN JONSON.

The Heavenly Mind.

PAINTER, you've come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone,
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse,
But here I may no colours use ;
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towering in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit ;
But these are like a mind, not it.

No ; to express a mind to sense,
Would ask a Heaven's intelligence ;
Since nothing can report that flame
But what 's of kin to whence it came.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine :
And so disdaining any trier,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all, and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will express
In speech, it is with that excess
Of grace and music to the ear,
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air ;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But, that a mind so rapt. so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness ; there's the how and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth by some celestial flight
Up to her own sublimed height ?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some paradise or palace found
In all the bounds of beauty fit
For here to inhabit ? There is it.

Thrice happy house that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so straight,
So polished, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But sloping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oil poured forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood
Where it may run to any good ;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind,
 In rest, like spirits left behind
 Upon a bank or field of flowers,
 Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
 Yet know with what thou art possessed,
 Thou entertaining in thy breast,
 But such a mind mak'st God thy guest.

BEN JONSON.

On the Nativitie of my Saviour.

I SING the Birth was born to-night,
 The Author both of Life and Light ;
 The angels so did sound it,
 And like the ravished shepherds said,
 Who saw the light and were afraid,
 Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, the Eternal King,
 That did us all salvation bring,
 And freed the soul from danger ;
 He whom the whole world could not take,
 The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
 Was now laid in a manger.

What comfort by Him do we win,
 Who made himself the price of sin,
 To make us heirs of glory ?
 To see this babe all innocence,
 A martyr born in our defence ;
 Can man forget this storie.

BEN JONSON.

A Nativity Hymn to Christ.

ALL this night shrill chancleer,
 Day's proclaiming trumpeter,
 Claps his wings and loudly cries,
 Mortals, mortals, wake and rise,
 See a wonder
 Heaven is under,
 From the earth is risen a Sun,
 Shines all night though day be done.

Wake, O earth ! wake every thing,
 Wake and hear the joy I bring ;
 Wake and joy for all this night,
 Heaven and every twinkling light ;
 All amazing
 Still stand gazing :
 Angels, powers, and all that be,
 Wake and joy this Sun to see.

Hail, O Sun ! O blessed light,
 Sent into the world by night,
 Let Thy rays and heavenly powers
 Shine in this dark soul of ours,
 For most surely
 Thou art truly,
 God and man we do confess :
 Hail ! O Sun of Righteousness !

ANON.

Hymn.

WHAT a gracious God have we !
 In His gifts of grace how free !
 How intent our prayers to hear,
 And to them that pray how near !

How to balmy mercy prone,
 And to kind compassion !
 How regardfully He wakes
 For His chosen servants' sakes !
 How He gives them grace to pray,
 And then to their suits gives way !
 How He prompts each good desire,
 And blows up that spark to fire,
 He hath set no greater task
 To obtain of him but "Ask."
 No exacter search to find
 But to seek with humble mind ;
 No more pains heaven to unlock,
 But with spotless hands to knock—
 Yet He joys to see man press Him,
 And to wrestle till He bless him.

W. A.

Lines from an Old MS.

(x.)

HENCE ! hence, distracting care of earthly thing,
 Hence, base distrust of God's great providence,
 The little birds that can do naught but sing,
 Have plenteous food from His beneficence.
 Is He to little birds so gracious Father,
 And shall we children want our daily food ?
 We that have means to sow, to reap, to gather,
 Shall we make question of His bountyhood !
 Nay ; though means fail, yet will we not despair ;
 Eagles have fed His children ; His elect
 Ate manna in the deserts that were bare ;
 He multiplied the oils of the Sarepte.
 He gave us bodies not to starve and perish ;
 He gave us life, which doubtless he will cherish.

ANON. (1600.)

Lines from an Old MS.

(civ.)

THE birds that here so merrily do sing,
 And make these woods with their sweet carols ring,
 Methinks do meet to praise with one accord,
 Th' almighty power of their most wondrous Lord,
 Who made them, and with plenty feeds them all,
 From the great eagle to the nightingale.
 Then rise, my soul, my harp and voice awake,
 Before the day to God confession make,
 Sing a new song, extol His providence,
 And magnify His great beneficence :
 Let both thy viol and thy lute resound,
 What grace in thy distresses thou hast found.
 Begin thou first, and thou shalt quickly see
 The cherubim and seraphim agree,
 And join their voices to the sphere's sweet sound,
 To make both heaven and earth God's praise resound :
 O joy ! when angels join with men to sing
 The praises due to our immortal King.

ANON. (1600.)

Lines from an Old MS.

(c.)

SOUL, be not so dejected ;
 Fear not, thy prayers and tears shall be respected ;
 In faith and hope still persevere ;
 No faithful suitor was rejected ever ;
 Humbly before His sacred footstool lying,
 Until He ease thee, never cease thy crying ;
 There's none but God that's able to relieve thee,
 There's nothing that in Christ He will not give thee.
 Ask, and thou shalt receive ; seek, and assure thee,
 Thy earnest seeking comfort will procure thee.

ANON. (1600.)

On Melancholy.

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of diverse things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.

All my joys to this are folly ;
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill-done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise ;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.

All my griefs to this are jolly ;
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.

All my joys besides all folly ;
None so sweet as melancholy.

ROBERT BURTON.

Hymn to the Redeemer.

SAVIOUR of mankind, Man, Emmanuel,
Who sinless died for sin, who vanquished hell,
The first fruits of the grave ; whose life did give
Light to our darkness ; in whose death we live ;

O strengthen thou my faith, correct my will,
That mine may thine obey ! protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul seal'd with thy seal ! so in the hour
When Thou, whose body sanctified this tomb,
Unjustly judged, a glorious Judge shall come
To judge the world with justice, by that sign
I may be known, and entertained for thine.

GEORGE SANDYS.

From Psalm cxlviii.

You, who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries ;
You, whom highest heaven imbowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers ;
Angels your clear voices raise,
Him ye heavenly armies praise.
Sun and moon with borrowed light,
All you sparkling eyes of night,
Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, His praise declare ;
His deserved praise record,
His, who made you by His word,
Made you evermore to last,
Set you bounds not to be past.—
You who awful sceptres sway,
You inured to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth ;
Youths and virgins flourishing
In the beauty of your spring ;
You who bow with age's weight,
You who were but born of late ;
Praise his name with one consent :
O how great, how excellent.

GEORGE SANDYS.

Praise from all Men.

ALL from the sun's uprise,
 Unto his setting rays,
 Resound in jubilees
 The great Jehovah's praise.
 Him serve alone ;
 In triumph bring
 Your gifts, and sing
 Before His throne.

Man drew from man his birth,
 But God his noble frame
 Built of the ruddy earth,
 Filled with celestial flame,
 His sons we are ;
 Sheep by Him led,
 Preserved and fed
 With tender care.

O to His portals press
 In your divine resorts :
 With thanks His power profess,
 And praise Him in His courts.
 How good ! how pure !
 His mercies last :
 His promise past
 For ever sure.

GEORGE SANDYS.

Psalm lvi.

O THOU ! from whom all mercy springs,
 Compassionate my sufferings,
 And pity me,
 That trust in Thee !

O shelter with Thy shady wings,
Until these storms of woe
Clear up, or overblow.

Thee I invoke, O Thou Most High !
Thou All-performer !—from the sky
Thy angels send :
Let them defend
My soul from him that would destroy :
O send Thy mercy down,
With truth thy promise crown.

GEORGE SANDYS.

From Psalm xc.

O THOU, the Father of us all,
Our refuge from the original,
That wert our God before
The airy mountains had their birth,
Or fabric of the peopled earth,
And art for evermore !

But frail man, daily dying, must
At Thy command return to dust :
Or, should he ages last,
Ten thousand years are in Thy sight
But like a quadrant of the night,
Or as a day that's past.

He, by thy torrent swept from hence,
An empty dream, which mocks the sense,
And from the fancy flies :
Such as the beauty of the rose,
Which in the dewy morning blows,
Then hangs its head, and dies.

God Visible in His Works.

THE stately heavens, which glory doth array,
Are mirrors of God's admirable might ;
There, whence forth spreads the night forth springs
the day !
He fixed the fountains of this temporal light,
Where stately stars enstalled, some stand, some stray,
All sparks of His great power, (though small, yet
bright),
By what none utter can, no, not conceive,
All of His greatness, shadows may perceive.

What glorious lights through crystal lanterns glance,
(As always burning with their Maker's love) ;
Spheres keep one music, they one measure dance,
Like influence below, like course above ;
And all by order led, not drawn by chance,
With majesty, as still in triumph move,
And, liberal of their store, seem shouting thus,
"Look up all souls, and gaze on God through us."

God visibly invisible who reigns,
Soul of all souls, whose light each light directs,
All first did freely make, and still maintains,
The greatest rules, the meanest not neglects ;
Foreknows the end of all that He ordains,
His will each course, each course breeds fit effects ;
Who did make all, all thus could only lead,
None could make all, but who was never made.

EARL OF STIRLING.

Affliction.

LET not the godly man affliction fear.
God wrestle may with some—but none o'erthrows.
Who gives the burden gives the strength to bear,
And best reward, the greatest service owes.
Those who would reap, they at the first must ear.
God's love—his faith—a good man's trouble shows.
Those whom God tries, He gives them power to
stand ;
He Jacob toss'd and help'd, both with one hand.

EARL OF STIRLING.

Desolation.

THIS, then, must be the med'cine for my woes,
To yield to what my Saviour shall dispose ;
To glory in my baseness ; to rejoice
In mine afflictions ; to obey His voice,
As well when threatenings my defects reprove,
As when I cherished am with words of love ;
To say to Him in every time and place—
Withdraw Thy comforts, so Thou leave Thyself.

SIR J. BEAUMONT.

On Ascension Day.

YE that to heaven direct your curious eyes,
And send your minds to walk the spacious skies,
See how the Maker to yourselves He brings,
Who sets His noble marks on meanest things :
And having man above the angels placed,
The lowly earth more than the heaven hath graced.

Poor clay ! each creature thy degrees admires.
 First, God in thee a living soul inspires,
 Whose glorious beams hath made thee far more bright
 Than is the sun, the spring of corporal light ;
 He rests not here, but to Himself thee takes,
 And thee divine by wondrous union makes ;
 What region can afford a worthy place
 For His exalted flesh ? Heaven is too base :
 He scarce would touch it ; in His swift ascent
 The orbs fled back, like Jordan, as He went,
 And yet He deigned to dwell a while on earth,
 As paying thankful tribute for His birth.
 But now this body all God's works excels,
 And hath no place but God, in whom it dwells.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

The Rival Musicians.

To Thessaly I came ; and, living private
 Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
 Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
 I day by day frequented silent groves
 And solitary walks. One morning early
 This accident encountered me. I heard
 The sweetest and most ravishing contention
 That Art and Nature ever were at strife in.

A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
 Indeed entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody, I saw
 This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
 With strains of strange variety and harmony,
 Proclaiming (as it seemed) so bold a challenge
 To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
 That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
 Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.

A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge ; and, for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own.
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger ; that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cleffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice :
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird, (ordained to be
Music's first martyr), strove to imitate
These several sounds ; which, when her warbling
throat
Failed in, for grief down dropt she on the lute
And brake her heart ! It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.

FORD.

Melancholy.

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly :

There's naught in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy,
 O sweetest melancholy !
 Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up without a sound !
 Fountain heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we dote upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

BEAUMONT.

On the Tombs in Westminster.

MORTALITY, behold and fear,
 What a charge of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within these heaps of stones :
 Here they lie, had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands ;
 Where, from their pulpits, sealed with dust,
 They preach—in greatness is no trust.
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest, royalest seed,
 That the earth did e'er take in
 Since the first man died for sin :
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 "Though great they were, as men they died :"
 Here are wands, ignoble things,

Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

BEAUMONT.

A Description of Mercy.

As when the cheerful sun, elamping wide
 Glads all the world with his uprising ray
 And woos the widowed earth afresh to pride,
 And paints her bosom with the flowery May,
 Her silent sister steals him quite away,
 Wrapt in a sable cloud from mortal eyes :
 The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
 And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies.

But soon as he again disshadowed is,
 Restoring the blind world his blemished sight,
 As though another day were newly risen
 The cozened birds busily take their flight,
 And wonder at the shortness of the night ;
 So Mercy once again herself displays
 Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
 Those sunshine looks whose beams would dim a
 thousand days.

If any ask why roses please the sight ?
 Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bower ;
 If any ask why lilies are so white ?
 Because their blossoms in thy hand do flower ;
 Or why sweet plants so graceful odour shower ?
 It is because thy breath so like they be ;
 Or why the orient sun so bright we see ?
 What reason can we give but from thine eyes and
 thee ?

Like as the thirsty land in summer's heat,
Calls to the clouds, and gapes at every shower
As though her hungry clefts all heaven would eat,
Which if high God into her bosom pour,
Though much refreshed, yet more she could devour ;
 So hang the greedy ears of angels sweet,
 And every breath a thousand spirits meet,
Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

So fair thou art, that all would thee behold ;
But none can thee behold, thou art so fair ;
Pardon, O pardon then thy vassal bold,
That with poor shadows strives thee to compare,
And match the things which he knows matchless are.
 O thou vive mirror of celestial grace,
 How can frail colours portrait out thy face,
Or paint in flesh thy beauty in such semblance base ?

But Faith was quick, and nimble as the heaven,
As if of love and light she all had been,
And though of present sight her sense were riven,
Yet she could see the things could not be seen ;
Beyond the stars, as nothing were between,
 She fixed her sight, disdaining things below ;
 Into the sea she could a mountain throw,
And make the sun to stand, and waters backward flow.

Man was but dust, why feared he not to fall,
And being fallen how can he hope to live ?
Cannot the hand destroy him that made all ?
Could He not take away as well as give ?

He was but dust : how could he stand before Him ?
And being fallen why should he fear to die ?

Cannot the hand that made him first restore him?
Depraved of sin, should he deprived lie
Of grace? Can He not hide infirmity
That gave him strength? Unworthy the forsaking
He is, whoever weighs, without mistaking,
Or Maker of the man, or manner of his making.

What hath man done that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so near akin?
Did his foe slay him? he shall slay his foe:
Hath he lost all? he all again shall win:
Is sin his master? he shall master sin.
Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try:
The only way to conquer was to fly,
But thus long death hath lived, and now death's self
shall die.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick men health,
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth,
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Who can forget,—never to be forgot,—
The time that all the world in slumber lies,
When like the stars, the singing angels shot
To earth, and heaven awakéd all his eyes,
To see another sun at midnight rise
On earth? was never sight of equal fame;
For God before man like himself did frame,
But God himself now like a mortal man became.

A child he was, and had not learnt to speak,
That with his word the world before did make :
His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of heaven could shake.
See how small room my infant Lord doth take
Whom all the world is not enough to hold,
Who of his years, or of his age hath told ?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

And yet but newly he was infanted,
And yet already he was sought to die :
Yet scarcely born, already banished ;
Nor able yet to go, and forced to fly ;
But scarcely fled away, when by and by
The tyrant's sword with blood is all defiled,
And Rachel for her sons with fury wild,
Cries, O thou cruel king, and O my sweetest child.

The angels carolled loud their song of peace,
The boding oracles were stricken dumb,
To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press ;
To see their King the kingly magi come ;
And them to guide unto his Master's home
A star comes dancing up the Orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Whose gold, to make their Prince a crown they all
present.

Young John, glad child ! before he could be born,
Leapt in the womb his joy to prophesy ;
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posterity,
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.
Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace !
It is the Sire of heaven thou dost embrace,
Sing, Simeon, sing—sing, Simeon, sing apace !

Bring, bring ye Graces, all your silver flasks,
 Painted with every choicest flower that grows,
 That I may soon unflower your fragrant baskets,
 To strew the fields with odours where he goes ;
 Let whatsoe'er He treads on be a rose.

So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
 Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
 Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with
 wine.

FLETCHER.

The Home of the Blessed.

HERE may the band that now in triumph shines,
 And that (before they were invested thus)
 In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
 Pitch round about, in order glorious,
 Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,
 All their eternal day in songs employing,
 Joying their end, without end of their joying,
 While their Almighty Prince Destruction is destroying.

Full, yet without satiety, of that
 Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
 Where never sun did rise, nor ever set ;
 But one eternal day and endless light
 Gives time to those whose time is infinite—
 Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
 Beholding Him whom never eye could see,
 And magnifying Him that cannot greater be.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
 No bloodless malady empales their face,
 No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
 No nakedness their bodies doth embase,

No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No fruitless sleep their precious time deflours,
No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged
hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain ;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again ;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain ;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know ;
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

In midst of this City celestial,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Lightened th' Idea Beatifical—
End and beginning of each thing that grows ;
Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;
Before and after all, the first and last ;
That, moving all, is yet immoveable ;
Great, without quantity, in whose forecast
Things past are present, things to come are past :
Swift, without motion, to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie ;
At once absent and present to them, far and nigh.

It is no flaming luster, made of light ;
No sweet consent, or well timed harmony ;

Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
Or flowery odour mixed with spicery,
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily ;
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
 A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth
 rest.

A heavenly feast, no hunger can consume ;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;
A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace
That no satiety can ere unlace :
 Ingraced into so high a favour, there
 The saints with their compeers whole worlds out-
 wear ;
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do
 hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains,
Here may your weary spirit rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains,
Among those white flocks, and celestial trains
 That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
 That heavenly music of so wondrous fame ;
Psalming aloud the holy honours of His name.

FLETCHER.

The Physician Dies to make his Patient Libe.

WHEN I remember Christ our burden bears,
 I look for glory, but find misery ;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears ;

I look that we should live, and find Him die ;
 I look for angels' song, and hear Him cry :
 Thus what I look, I cannot find so well ;
 Or, rather, what I find I cannot tell ;
 These banks so narrow are, these streams so highly
 swell.

Christ suffers, and in this His tears begin ;
 Suffers for us—and our joys spring in this ;
 Suffers to death—here is His manhood seen ;
 Suffers to rise—and here His Godhead is ;
 For man, that could not by himself arise
 Out of the grave, doth by the Godhead rise :
 And lived, that could not die, in manhood dies,
 That we in both might live by that great sacrifice.

FLETCHER.

Against a Rich Man Despising Poverty.

If well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
 No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
 Thy wealth no richer than my poverty,
 My want no poorer than thy rich estate :
 Our ends and births alike ; in this, as I,
 Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little wishing mind,
 Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more :
 Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find ;
 Who wishes, wants : and whoso wants is poor ;
 Then this must follow of necessity ;
 Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Whatever man possesses, God has lent ;
 And to his audit liable is ever

To reckon how, and where, and when he spent ;
Then thus thou bragg'st thou art a great receiver.

Little my debt, when little is my store,
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the
more.

But, seeing God Himself descendeth down,
To enrich the poor by His rich poverty ;
His meat, His house, His grave, were not His own ;
Yet all is His from all eternity :

Let me be like my head whom I adore !
Be thou great, wealthy—I still base and poor !

PHINEAS AND GILES FLETCHER.

A Hymn of True Happiness.

AMIDST the azure clear,
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
Where Zephyr's flowers uncloze,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a spirit rose.

Upon her head she ware
Of amaranths a crown :
Her left hand palms, her right a brandon bare ;
Unvailed skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hang down,
Eyes sparkled joys, more bright than star of day.

The flood a throne her reared
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn ensphære ;
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given ;
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.

“World-wandering, sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content,
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glittering griefs is spent,
Come, learn,” said she, “what is your choicest bliss.

“From toil and pressing cares,
How we may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares ;
A port to harbour sure ;
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when time’s hour-glass is run, endure.

“Not happy is that life
Which ye as happy hold :
No : but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charged on a throne to sit,
With diadems of gold,
Preserved by force, and still observed by wit.

“Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature’s depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring ;
Nor that your fame should range,
And after worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

“All these have not the power
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurk, or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

“No, but blest life is this :
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest ;
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing Him, to be by Him possessed.

“When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart
Him cheerfully to praise, and to Him pray :

“To heed each action so,
As ever in His sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe ;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright ;
Never to do what may repentance bring :

“Not to be blown with pride,
Nor moved at glory's breath,
Which, shadow-like, on wings of time doth glide ;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to good to those that work your harm :

“To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleased with what by virtue one acquires ;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill :

“Never on neighbour’s well
With cockatrice’s eye
To look, nor make another’s heaven your hell ;
Nor to be beauty’s thrall ;
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcending all ;—

“A love which, while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
To the uncreated sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers on would pine and die for love.

“Who such a life would live,
Ye happy even may call,
Ere ruthless death a wished end him give ;
And after then, when given,
More happy by his fall,
For human’s earth, enjoying angels’ heaven.

“Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field ;
Vast are desires not limited by grace ;
Life a weak taper is :
Then, when it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.”

This when the spirit said,
She dived within the flood,
Whose face, with smiling curls, long after staid ;
Then sighs did Zephyr press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang,—“This was true happiness.”

DRUMMOND.

The Angels for the Nativity of our Lord.

Run, shepherds, run where Bethlehem blest appears,
 We bring the best of news, be not dismayed,
 A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
 Amidst heaven's rolling heights, this earth who stay'd;
 In a poor cottage inur'd, a virgin maid
 A weakling did Him bear, who all upbears;
 There is He poorly wrapp'd, in manger laid,
 To whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres:
 Run, shepherds, run, and solemnise His birth,
 This is that night—no, day, grown great with bliss,
 In which the power of Satan broken is;
 In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth!

Thus singing, through the air the angels swam,
 And cope of stars re-echoed the same.

DRUMMOND.

Man's Knowledge, Ignorance in the Mysteries of God.

BENEATH a sable veil and shadows deep
 Of inaccessible and dimming light,
 In silence ebon clouds, more black than night,
 The world's great King His secrets hid doth keep:
 Through those thick mists, when any mortal wight
 Aspires, with halting pace and eyes that weep,
 To pore, and in His mysteries to creep,
 With thunders He and lightnings blasts their sight.
 O sun Invisible, that dost abide
 Within Thy bright abysms, most fair, most dark,
 Where with Thy proper rays Thou dost Thee hide!
 O ever-shining, never full-seen mark!

To guide me in life's night Thy light me show,
 The more I search, of Thee the less I know.

DRUMMOND.

Change should Breed Change.

NEW doth the sun appear,
 The mountain's snows decay,
 Crown'd with frail flowers comes forth the infant
 year.

My soul, time posts away,
 And thou yet in that frost,
 Which flower and fruit hath lost,
 As if all here immortal were, dost stay :
 Awake ! thy powers awake,
 Look to that heaven which never night makes black,
 And there at that immortal sun's bright rays,
 Deck thee with flowers which fear not rage of days.

DRUMMOND.

To a Nightingale.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
 Of winters past or coming void of care,
 Well pleased with delights that present are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers ;
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
 What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,
 Attir'd in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?

Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
 To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

DRUMMOND.

A Prayer.

Saviour of mankind—Man—Emanuel,
Who sinless died for sin, who vanquished hell,
The first-fruits of the grave, whose life did give
Light to our darkness, in whose death we live,
O strengthen Thou my faith, correct my will,
That mine may Thine obey : correct me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul sealed with Thy seal : so in the hour
When Thou whose body sanctified the tomb,
Unjustly judged, a glorious Judge shall come,
To judge the world with justice, by that sign
I may be known and entertained for Thine.

DRUMMOND.

John the Baptist.

THE last and greatest herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the desert wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man and mild.
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distilled,—
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing,
Made him appear long since from earth exiled.
Then burst he forth, "All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!"
Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry?
Only the echoes which he made relent,
Rung from the flinty caves, "Repent, repent."

DRUMMOND.

Books.

FOR many books I care not, and my store
Might now suffice me, though I had no more
Than God's two Testaments ; and then withal
That mighty volume which the world we call ;
For these well looked on, well in mind preserved,
The present Age's passages observed,
My private actions seriously o'erviewed,
My thoughts recalled, and what of them ensued,
Are books, which better far instruct me can,
Than all the other paper-works of man ;
And some of these I may be reading too,
Where'er I come, or whatsoe'er I do.

WITHER.

Nature's Lesson.

THOUGH of all my pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But Remembrance (poor relief)
That more makes, than mends my grief :
Nature tells me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace ;
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw ;
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight :
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling ;

By a daisy whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed,
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me,
 Than all nature's beauties can,
 In some other wiser man.

The dull liveness, the black shade,
 That those hanging vaults have made,
 The strange music of the waves,
 Beating on those hallow caves.
 This black den which rocks embosse,
 Overgrown with eldest moss,
 The rude portals that give light,
 More to terror than delight,
 From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair ;
 She hath taught me, by her might,
 To draw comfort and delight ;
 Therefore, thou pure earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this.

WITHER.

Divers Providences.

WHEN all the year our fields are fresh and green,
 And while sweet showers and sunshine every day,
 As oft as need requireth, come between
 The heavens and earth, they heedless pass away.
 The fulness and continuance of a blessing
 Doth make us to be senseless of the good ;
 And if, sometimes, it fly not our possessing,
 The sweetness of it is not understood.
 Had we no winter, summer would be thought
 Not half so pleasing ; and if tempests were not,

Such comforts by a calm could not be brought ;
 For things, save by their opposites, appear not.
 Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some,
 And so is ease, and every other pleasure ;
 Till poor, or sick, or grieved they become,
 And then they relish these in ampler measure.
 God, therefore, full as kind as He is wise,
 So tempereth all the favours He will do us,
 That we His bounties may the better prize,
 And make His chastisements less bitter to us.
 Onewhile, a scorching indignation burns
 The flowers and blossoms of our hope away,
 Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
 And changeth new-mown grass to parched hay ;
 Anon, His fruitful showers, and pleasing dews,
 Commixed with cheerful rays, He sendeth down,
 And then the barren earth her crop renews,
 Which with rich harvests hills and valleys crown ;
 For us to relish joys, He sorrow sends,
 So comfort on temptation still attends.

WITHER.

Change.

THE voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her sweetest key ;
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day ;
 These now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard or seen ;
 But what I once enjoyed in them,
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;
 So little hold of them have we,

That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise ;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

WITHER.

Psalm cxxvii.

SITTING by the streams that glide
Down by Babel's towering wall,
With our tears we filled the tide,
Whilst our mournful thoughts recall
Thee, O Sion, and thy fall.

Our neglected harps unstrung,
Not acquainted with the hand
Of the skilful tuner, hung
On the willow trees that stand
Planted in the neighbour land.

Yet the spiteful foe commands
Songs of mirth, and bids us lay
To dumb harps our captive hands,
And to scoff our sorrows, say,
Sing us some sweet Hebrew lay.

But, say we, our holy strain
Is too pure for heathen land,
Nor may we our hymns profane,
Or tune either voice or hand
To delight a savage band.

Holy Salem, if thy love
Fall from my forgetful heart,
May the skill by which I move
Strings of music, tuned by art,
From my withered hand depart.

May my speechless tongue give sound
To no accent, but remain
To my prison roof fast bound,
If my sad soul entertain
Mirth till thou rejoice again.

CAREW.

Vanitas Vanitatum.

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains :
So melts, so vanishes, so fades, so withers
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy (which short life gathers),
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy !
The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer's sun, from weeping fountains,
The light blown bubble vanishèd for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

KING.

Man's Life.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
 And withers as the leaves disclose ;
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
 Like fits of waking before sleep ;
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould
 Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
 Is moralised in age and youth ;
 Where all the comforts he can share,
 As wandering as his fancies are ;
 Till in a mist of dark decay,
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
 The sun-set, as it moves about ;
 And shadows out in lines of night
 The subtle stages of Time's flight ;
 Till all-obscuring earth has laid
 His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
 Which doth short joys, long woes, include ;
 The world the stage, the prologue tears,
 The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
 And leaves no epilogue but Death.

KING.

Sic Vita.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are ;

Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood :
 Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
 The spring entomb'd in autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot ;
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

KING.

To Daffodils.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song !
 And, having played together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

To Blossoms.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be,
 And hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
 Merely to show your worth
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read, how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

HERRICK.

The White Island, or Place of the Blest.

IN this world, the Isle of Dreames,
 While we sit by Sorrow's streames,
 Tears and terrors are our theames,
 Reciting:
 But when once from hence we flie,
 More and more approaching nigh
 Unto young eternitie,
 Uniting.

In that whiter island, where
Things are evermore sincere ;
Candour here and lustre there,
Delighting :
There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell a horror call,
To create or cause at all
Affrighting.
There in calm and cooling sleep,
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending
Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you ;
And fresh joys, as never, too,
Have ending.

HERRICK.

Eternité.

O YEARES and age ! Farewell :
Behold I go,
Where I do know
Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i' th' sea
Of vast eternitie,

Where never moone shall sway
The starres ; but she
And night shall be
Drown'd in one endlesse day.

HERRICK.

Litany to the Holy Spirit.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last has pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm tost about,
Either with despair, or doubt ;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

HERRICK.

Upon Time.

TIME was upon
The wing, to flie away ;
And I called on
Him but a while to stay ;
But he'd be gone,
For aught that I could say.

He held out then
A writing, as he went,
And askt me, When
False man would be content
To pay again
What God and nature lent ?

An houre-glasse,
In which were sands but few,
As he did passe,
He shewed ; and told me, too,
Mine end near was,—
And so away he flew.

HERRICK.

Abdisibe Verses.

NOR is't a life, seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well ;

And that we'll do, as men who know,
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
 Both to be blended in the urn,
 From whence there's never a return.

HERRICK.

To God.

I'LL hope no more
 For things that will not come ;
 And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome.
 Wealth brings much woe,
 And, since it fortunes so,
 'Tis better to be poore,
 Than so t' abound,
 As to be drowned,
 Or overwhelmed with store.

Pale care, avaunt,
 I'll learn to be content,
 With that small stock thy bounty gave or lent.
 What may conduce
 To my most healthful use,
 Almighty God, me grant !
 But that or this,
 That hurtful is,
 Denie thy suppliant.

HERRICK.

Brevity of Life.

BEHOLD
 How short a span
 Was long enough of old,
 To measure out the life of man !

In those well-tempered days, his life was then
Surveyed, cast up, and found but three score years
and ten.

Alas !

And what is that ?

They come, and glide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what ;
The posts of Time are swift, which, having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task is
done.

Our days

Begun, we lend

To sleep, to antic plays,

And toys, until the first stage end :

Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we
give

To unrecovered loss,—we rather breathe than live.

We spend

A ten years' breath

Before we apprehend

What 'tis to live, or fear a death :

Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,
Which please our sense awhile, and, waking, prove
but toys.

How vain,

How wretched is

Poor man, that doth remain

A slave to such a state as this !

His days are short at longest, few at most,
They are but bad at best ; yet lavished out, or lost.

They be
 The secret springs,
 That make our minutes flee
 On wheels more swift than eagles' wings :
 Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
 Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time shall strike a
 death.

How soon
 Our new-born light
 Attains to full-aged noon !
 And this how soon to grey-haired night !
 We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
 Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end
 When scarce begun ;
 And ere we apprehend
 That we begin to live, our life is done ;
 Man, count thy days, and if they fly too fast
 For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy
 last !

F. QUARLES.

Whom have I in Heaven but Thee.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the Earth—
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good ;
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
 She is my tender nurse, she gives me food ;—
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee ?
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the *Air*, her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me.
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me.
But what's the *Air*, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared with Thee?

I love the *Sea*, she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor, she provides me store;
She walls me round, she makes my diet greater,
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore.
But, Lord of Oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the Ocean or her wealth to me?

To Heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye,
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.
But what is Heaven, great God, compared with Thee,
Without Thy presence, Heaven's no Heaven to me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without Thy presence, Heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or Heaven to me?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are—at most—
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire:
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth are bags of cares ;
 Wisdom but folly, joy, disquiet, sadness ;
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
 Pleasures but pains, and mirth but pleasing madness.
 Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have their being when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?
 Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what farther crave I ?
 And having Thee alone, what have I not ?
 I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be
 Possess'd of Heaven, Heaven unpossess'd of Thee.

F. QUARLES.

The Days are Few.

My glass is half unspent ; forbear t' arrest
 My thoughtless day too soon : my poor request
 Is, that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devouréd minutes will be done
 Without Thy help ; see ! see how swift they run :
 Cut out my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay ;
 What loss sustain'st Thou by so small delay,
 To whom ten thousand years are but a day ?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
 To count my wingèd hours ; they fly so swift,
 They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying Time do give
 So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
 That I am dead before I seem to live.

No, no ; 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantic mirth : I beg but hours, not years,
And what Thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led ;
That seed has not yet broke my serpent's head ;
Or shall I die before my sins are dead ?

Behold these rags ; am I a fitting guest
To taste the dainties of Thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest ?

I have a world of sins to be lamented ;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented ;
O spare till then, and then I die contented.

And what's a life ? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day ; hour eats up hour ;
Alas ! that's but from eight to four.

Behold those lilies (which Thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view), how soon they droop, how soon they
fade !

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon ;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon :
How simple is my suit ! how small my boon !

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while
 The time away, or falsely to beguile
 My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a
 smile.

F. QUARLES.

Sonnet.

MORS TUA.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?
 Or he be strong that airy breath can cast?
 Can he be wise that knows not how to live?
 Or he be rich that nothing hath to give?
 Can he be young that's feeble, weak and wan?
 So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young, is man.
 So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
 Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
 So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
 He totters and bequeaths his strength to death;
 So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
 His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
 So rich is man that (all his debts being paid)
 His wealth's the winding sheet wherein he's laid;
 So young is man that, broke with care and sorrow,
 He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.

F. QUARLES.

Funeral Elegy.

Go, glorious soul! I knew 'twas not a shrine
 Of flesh could hold so pure a soul as thine;
 I saw it labour (in a holy scorn
 Of living dust and ashes) to be sworn

A heavenly chorister : it sighed and groaned
 To be dissolved from mortal, and enthroned
 Among her fellow-angels, there to sing
 Perpetual anthems to her heavenly King :
 She was a stranger to her house of clay ;
 Scarce owned it, but that necessary stay
 Miscalled it hers ; and only zeal did make
 Her love the building for the builder's sake.

F. QUARLES.

Search after God.

I SOUGHT Thee round about, O Thou my God,
 In Thine abode ;
 I said unto the earth, " Speak, art thou He ?"
 She answered me,
 " I am not." I enquired of creatures all
 In general,
 Contain'd therein ; they with one voice proclaim
 That none amongst them challeng'd such a name.

I asked the Heavens, sun, moon, and stars, but they
 Said, " We obey
 The God thou seek'st." I asked what eye or ear
 Could see or hear ;
 What in the world I might descry or know,
 Above, below ;
 With a unanimous voice all these things said,
 " We are not God ; but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass
 If that God was ?
 Which with a mighty and strong voice, replied,
 As stupefied,
 " I am not He, O man, for know that I,
 By Him on high,

Was fashion'd first of nothing, thus instated,
And swayed by Him, by whom I was created."

A scrutiny within myself I, then,

Even thus began ;

" O man, what art thou ?" What more could I say,
Than dust and clay.

Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,

That cannot last ;

Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,

Formed from that earth to which I must return.

I asked myself what this great God might be
That fashioned me ?

I answered—the all-potent, sole immense,

Surpassing sense ;

Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,

Lord over all :

The only terrible, strong, just, and true,

Which hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give

To all that live,

Both health and being : He is the Creator

Both of the water,

Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist,

He hath the list ;

Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,

He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by Thy illumining grace,

Thy glorious face,

(So far forth as it may discovered be,)

Methinks I see ;

And though invisible and infinite.

To human sight,

Thou, in Thy mercy, justice, truth appearest ;
In which to our sense Thou comest nearest.

O make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God, most kind !

Give us love, hope, and faith, in Thee to trust,
Thou God, most just !

Remit all our offences, we entreat,
Most Good, most Great !

Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest,
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

HEYWOOD.

The Angler's Wish.

I IN these flowery meads would be :
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice :
Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty : please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers ;
Or a leverock build her nest ;
Here give my weary spirit rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love ;
Or, with my Bryan, and my book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook.
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to the grave.

WALTON.

Sonnet.

SINCE that vast orb, which doth the rest embrace,
 More swift than thought still whirls about time's
 wheel,
 Since years serpentine course with speedy pace
 Doth a continual revolution feel ;
 Since hours still slide, still life away doth steal,
 Why then, my soul, here art thou lulled asleep,
 As if on earth's low stage were placed thy well,
 In streams of sliding pleasures drenched too deep ?
 Break off thy dream—from world's base fetters creep,
 Thy sovereign good with eyes unsealed to view ;
 Rise from earth's vale, to climb that mountain steep,
 The only station of contentment true.
 Sooth know thyself, my soul, shake off delay—
 Life's flower both spread'th and fadeth in a day.

SIR W. MURE.

Death's Final Conquest.

THE glories of our birth and state,
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate :
 Death lays her icy hands on kings ;
 Sceptre and crown
 Must crumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still ;
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds :
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

Dibine Love.

THIS love's a fire for ever burning,
Mounting high, though often turning ;
Quench it, it the more is flaming ;
None can stifle it by taming.

THIS love's a spirit ever acting,
Nought for love, but love exacting ;
Boundless in its reach and notion,
Restless in its course and motion.

THIS love's a star gross hearts refining,
Clouded, sometimes, and then shining ;
And this fortune telling ever,
He who loveth, ceaseth never.

THIS love's a river, ever flowing,
Fruit and plenty still bestowing ;
Wafting us into an ocean
Where we drown in love's devotion.

This love is music, where the metre
Makes the harmony the sweeter ;
If it tell a heavenly story,
Then the music turns to glory.

This love's a master, ever pleasing,
Bonds untying, burdens easing ;
Chide he may, but never rages ;
One whose very work is wages.

ANON.

Period Fourth.

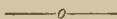
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SIR THOMAS BROWNE

TO

JOHN NORRIS.

Period Fourth.



The Dormitibe.

THE night is come, like to the day ;
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon ; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep ;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest my soul advance ;
Make my sleep a holy trance :
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought.
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death ;—O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die !
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.

Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee.
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days ; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again :
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

“ Night unto Night Teacheth Knowledge.”

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that Night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies ;

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we stedfast look,
We shall discern

In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour ;

That from the farthest north,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin brave ;
For, as yourselves, your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires,
And all the pride of life, confute ;

For they have watched since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

HABINGTON.

There was a King.

THERE was a King of old
That did in Jewry dwell ;
Whether a God, or man, or both,
I'm sure I love him well.

Love Him ! why, who doth not ?
Did ever any wight
Not goodness, beauty, sweetness, love—
Not comfort, love, and light ?

None ever did, or can ;
But here's the cause alone
Why He of all few lovers finds,
Because He is not known.

There are so many fair,
He's lost among the throng,
Yet they that seek Him nowhere else,
May find Him in a song.

This King, then, was a man,
Whose mother was a maid ;
Himself was God, and if you doubt,
Himself His mother made.

A wonder sure it was,
But so is all the rest :
For whilst she bore Him in her womb,
She wore Him on her breast.

A King He was so high,
As by Him all kings reign ;
Yet was His pomp not very great ;
Twelve was His usual train.

And though no other prince
Did give a better pay,
Yet when He stood in greatest need
His subjects ran away.

This King He was a Priest,
He was the sacrifice ;
And He also the altar was,
The gift that sanctifies.

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And though the sacrifice
The priests did ever eat,
The altar, sacrifice, and Priest,
And all here made our meat.

This God, Man, King, and Priest,
Almighty was, yet meek :
He was most just, yet merciful ;
The guilty did Him seek.

He never any failed
That sought Him in their need :
He never quenched the smoking flax,
Nor brake the bruised reed.

He was the truest Friend
That ever any tried,
For whom He loved He never left,
For them He lived and died.

And if you'd know the folk
That brought Him to His end,
Read but His title, you shall find
Him styled the sinner's Friend.

His life all wonder was,
But here's a wonder more,
That He who was all life and love,
Should be beloved no more.

I'll love Him while I live ;
 To those that be His foes,
 Though I them hate, I'll wish no worse
 Than His dear love to lose.

ANON.

Show Me more Love.

SHOW me more love, my dearest Lord,
 Oh, turn away Thy clouded face ;
 Give me some secret look or word
 That may betoken love and grace ;
 No day or time is black to me
 But that wherein I see not Thee.
 Show me more love, a clouded face
 Strikes deeper than an angry blow ;
 Love me and kill me by Thy grace,
 I shall not much bewail my woe.

But even to be

In heaven, unloved of Thee,
 Were hell in heaven for to see.

Then hear my cry and help afford ;
 Show me more love, my dearest Lord.
 Show me more love, my dearest Lord—
 I cannot think, nor speak, nor pray ;
 Thy work stands still, my strength is stored
 In Thee alone. Oh, come away !
 Show me Thy beauties, call them mine,
 My heart and tongue will soon be Thine.
 Show me more love, or if my heart
 Too common be for such a guest,
 Let Thy good Spirit, by His art,
 Make entry, and put out the rest.

For 'tis Thy nest ;
Then he's of heaven possest,
That heaven hath within his breast.
Then hear my cry and help afford ;
Show me more love, my dearest Lord.

ANON.

Old Age and Death.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more :
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries :
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights through chinks that time has
made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw nearer to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

Divine Love.

COULD we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above ;
Love only enters as a native there,
For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise and mighty be,
 Commands that others love as well as He.
 Love as He loved ! How can we soar so high ?
 He can add wings when He commands to fly.
 Nor should we be with His command dismay'd ;
 He that example gives, will give His aid ;
 For He took flesh, that where His precepts fail,
 His practice as a pattern may prevail.
 His love, at once, and dread, instruct our thought ;
 As man He suffered, and as God He taught.
 Will for the deed He takes ; we may with ease
 Obedient be, for if we love we please.
 Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
 And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
 Love, what Isaiah prophesied, can do,
 Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low,
 Humble the lofty, the dejected raise,
 Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked
 ways.
 Love as He loved ! a love so unconfined,
 With arms extended, would embrace mankind.

WALLER.

Christ's Birth in an Inn.

He was a greater guest than ever came that way ;
 For there He lay,
 That is the God of night and day,
 And over all the powers of heaven doth reign.
 It was the time of great Augustus' tax ;
 And then He comes,
 That pays all sums,
 Even the whole price of lost humanity,

And sets us free
 From the ungodly emperie
 Of sin, and Satan, and of death.
 O make our hearts, blest God, Thy lodging place,
 And in our breast
 Be pleased to rest,
 For Thou lov'st temples better than an inn ;
 And cause that sin
 May not profane the Deity within,
 And sully o'er the ornaments of grace. Amen.

TAYLOR.

Of Heaben.

O BEAUTEOUS God, uncircumscribéd treasure
 Of an eternal pleasure,
 Thy throne is seated far
 Above the highest star,
 Where Thou prepar'st a glorious place,
 Within the brightness of Thy face,
 For every spirit
 To inherit
 That builds his hopes on Thy great merit,
 And loves Thee with a holy charity.
 What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes,
 Clear as the morning's rise,
 Can speak, or think, or see
 That bright eternity ?
 When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind ; that day
 Remember us, we pray ;
 That where the beryl lies
 And the crystal, 'bove the skies,
 There Thou mayst appoint us place,
 Within the brightness of Thy face ;

And our soul
 In the scroll
 Of life and blissfulness enroll,
 That we may praise Thee to eternity. Allelujah.

TAYLOR.

**Upon the Epiphany, and the Three Wise Men
 of the East coming to Worship Jesus.**

A COMET dangling in the air •
 Presag'd the ruin both of death and sin ;
 And told the wise men of a King,
 The King of Glory, and the Sun
 Of Righteousness, who then begun
 To draw toward that blessed hemisphere.
 They from the farthest east this new
 And unknown light pursue,
 Till they appear
 In this blest infant King's propitious eye,
 And pay their homage to His royalty.
 Persia might then the rising Sun adore,
 It was idolatry no more :
 Great God, they gave to Thee
 Myrrh, frankincense, and gold ;
 But, Lord, with what shall we
 Present ourselves before Thy Majesty,
 Whom Thou redeem'dst when we were sold ?
 We have nothing but ourselves, and scarce that either ;
 Accept it, Lord, and say, This Thou had'st rather ;
 Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
 Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
 The beauty of the golden mine. Amen.

TAYLOR.

Hymn for Christmas Day.

MYSTERIOUS truth ! That the self-same should be
A Lamb, a Shepherd, and a Lion too !

Yet such was He
Whom first the shepherds knew,
When they themselves became
Sheep to the Shepherd Lamb.
Shepherd of men and angels, Lamb of God,
Lion of Judah, by these titles keep
The wolf from Thy endangered sheep.
Bring all the world unto Thy fold,
Let Jews and Gentiles hither come
In numbers great that can't be told,
And call Thy lambs that wander, home.
Glory be to God on high,
All glories be to th' glorious Deity.

TAYLOR.

A Prayer for Charity.

FULL of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above ?
Thou, who taught'st the blind man's night
To entertain a double light,
O, let Thy love our pattern be ;
Let Thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another ;
That, copying Thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto Thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

TAYLOR.

The Cleansing of the Temple.

“WHICH TEMPLE YE ARE.”

DESCEND to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord !
Her faithful children cry with one accord ;
Come, ride in triumph on ; behold, we lay
Our guilty souls and proud wills in Thy way.

Thy road is ready, Lord : Thy paths made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet :
And hark ! hosannas loud Thy footsteps greet.

Welcome, O welcome, to our hearts, Lord ; here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin :
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein ?

Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor ;
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place
Which Thou hast chosen, there to set Thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of Thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet.

TAYLOR.

The Prayer.

My soul doth long towards Thee,
My God ! Source of eternal life !
Flesh fights with me ;
O, end the strife,

And part us, that in peace I may
 Unclay
 My wearied spirit, and take
 My flight to Thy eternal spring,
 Where for His sake,
 Who is my king,
 I may wash all my tears away
 That day.

 Thou conqueror of death,
 Glorious triumpher o'er the grave,
 Whose holy breath
 Was spent to save
 Lost mankind, make me to be stiled
 Thy child ;
 And take me when I die,
 And go unto my dust ; my soul,
 Above the sky
 With saints enrol :
 That in thy house for ever I
 May lie.

TAYLOR.

Religion.

THE true religion sprung from God above,
 Is like her fountain—full of charity ;
 Embracing all things with a tender love,
 Full of good-will, and meek expectancy ;
 Full of true justice and sure verity,
 In heart and voice ; free, large, even infinite :
 Not wedged in straight particularity,
 But grasping all in her vast active sprite—
 Bright Lamp of God that men would joy in Thy pure
 light.

MORE.

Creation Praising.

SING aloud ; his praise rehearse,
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heaven has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned ;
He that from the heavens high
Tends his flock with watchful eye ;
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretch'd ray :
Nimbly they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Never slack they ; none respire
Wheeling round their central fires.

In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gladly drove
Through heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all corners press—
Music that the heart of God
Moves to joy and tender love ;
Fills the listening creature's ears
Sailing on the wandering spheres.
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,
Witness all the creature throng ;
So confessed by every tongue
All things—back from whence they sprung,
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.
Sing aloud ; his praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

MORE.

Home.

TURN thine eye
 Inward, and observe thy breast ;
 There alone dwells solid rest :
 That 's a close immured tower
 Which can mock all hostile power—
 To thyself a tenant be,
 And inhabit safe and free.
 Say not that this house is small,
 Girt up in a narrow wall :
 In a lowly, quiet mind
 Heaven itself full room doth find ;
 The Infinite Creator can
 Dwell in it—why may not man ?
 Here, Content, make thine abode
 With thyself, and with thy God.

BEAMONT.

The Covenant and Confidence of Faith.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
 Whether I die or live ;
 To live and serve thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.
 If life be long, I will be glad
 'That I may long obey :
 If short, yet why should I be sad,
 That shall have the same pay.

If death shall bruise this springing seed,
 Before it comes to fruit ;
 The will with Thee goes for the deed ;
 Thy life was in the root.

Long life is a long grief and toil,
And multiplieth faults :
In long wars he may have the foil,
That 'scapes in short assaults.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before,
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord ! when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days ;
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

BAXTER.

The Exit.

My soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth :
What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow ;
And thinkest thou it will be
Better to-morrow ?

Why art thou for delay ?
 Thou cam'st not here to stay :
 What tak'st thou for thy part,
 But heavenly pleasure ?
 Where then should be thy heart,
 But where's thy treasure ?

Thy God, thy Head's above ;
 There is the world of love ;
 Mansions there purchased are
 By Christ's own merit,
 For these He doth prepare
 Thee by His spirit.

Look up towards Heaven and see
 How vast those regions be,
 Where blessed spirits dwell,
 How pure and lightful,

* * * * * *

Here life is but a spark,
 Scarce shining in the dark ;
 Life is the element there,
 Which souls reside in ;
 Much like as air is here,
 Which we abide in.

Hither thou cam'st from thence ;
 The Divine Influence
 In flesh my soul did place,
 Among the living ;
 To be of human race
 Was his free giving.

God is Essential Love,
 And all the saints above,
 Are like unto Him made,

Each in His measure :
 Love is their life and trade,
 Their constant pleasure.

What joy must there needs be
 When all God's glory see ;
 Feeling God's vital love,
 Which still is burning :
 And flaming God-ward move
 Full love returning.

There I shall know God more ;
 There is the blessed choir ;
 No wickedness comes there,
 All there is holy :
 There is no grief or fear,
 No sin or folly.

Souls live when flesh lies dead :
 Thy sin is pardoned,
 When Christ doth death disarm,
 Why art thou fearful ?
 And souls that fear no harm,
 Should pass forth cheerful.

BAXTER.

Easter Day.

Rise, Heir of fresh eternity,
 From Thy virgin tomb,
 Rise, mighty Man of wonders, and Thy world
 with Thee,
 Thy tomb the universal east,
 Nature's new womb,
 Thy tomb fair immortality's perfumed nest.

Of all the glories make noon gay,
 This is the morn,
This rock buds forth the fountain of the streams
 of day,
 In joy's white annals lives this hour
 When life was born,
No cloud scowls on his radiant lids, no tempest
 lour.

Life, by this Light's nativity,
 All creatures have,
Death only by this day's just doom is forc'd to die :
 Nor is death forc'd ; for may he lie
 Thron'd in Thy grave,
Death will on this condition be content to die.

CRASHAW.

Part of "An Ode prefixed to a Prayer Book."

It is an armory of light,
Let constant use but keep it bright,
 You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
 More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.

Only be sure
 The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes,
Those of Christians, meek, and true,
 Wakeful, wise ;
Here is a friend shall fight for you ;
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let prayer alone to play its part.

O, but the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul be strong,
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring its message full of blessings :
Flowers of never-fading graces
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for him who is alone
The Spouse of Virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom when he come,
Shall find the loitering heart from home,
Leaving its calm abode
To gad abroad
Amongst the gay mates of the god of lies :
To take her pleasure, and to play,
And keep the common holiday ;
To dance i' the sunshine of some smiling,
But beguiling,
Flattering, but forswaring, lies.

Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start,
And stepping in before,
Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden goods, and holy joys ;
Words which are not heard with ears,
(Those tumultuous halls of noise),
Effectual whispers, whose still voice,
The soul itself more feels than hears.

Peaceful languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes,
Spiritual and soul piercing glances,
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,
And melts it down in calm desire ;

Yet doth not stay
To ask the windows leave to pass that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations ;
A thousand unknown rites ;
O joys, and rarified delights.

Of all this store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more,
(If, when He come
He find the heart from home),
Doubtless He will unload
Himself some other where,
And pour abroad
His precious things
On the fair soul whom first He meets,
And light around Him with His wings.

CRASHAW.

From "Sospetto d'Herode."

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The heav'n-rebuked shades made haste away ;
How bright a dawn of angels, with new light,
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not ; mad with spite,
He mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was the great business both of heaven and earth.

He saw heaven blossom with a new-born light,
 On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd
 The golden eyes of night, whose beam made bright
 The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd
 (Nor ask'd leave of the sun), by day as night.
 By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious handmaid) rais'd
 Three kings (or what is more) three wise men
 went
 Westward, to find the world's true Orient.

That the great angel-blinded light should shrink
 His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye ;
 That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
 As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie ;
 That from His mother's breast He milk should drink,
 Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family ;
 That a poor manger His low bed should prove,
 Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

That He whom the sun serves should faintly peep
 Through clouds of infant flesh ; that He the old
 Eternal Word should be a child and weep ;
 That He who made the fire should fear the cold ;
 That Heaven's high Majesty His court should keep
 In a clay cottage, by each blast controll'd ;
 That glory's self should serve our griefs and fears,
 And free eternity submit to years.

CRASHAW.

Hymn of the Blessed Sacrament.

RISE, royal Sion ! Rise and sing
 Thy soul's kind Shepherd, thy heart's King.
 Stretch all thy powers, call, if thou can,
 Harps of heaven, and hands of man.

This sovereign subject sits above
The best ambitions of thy love.

Lo ! the bread of life, this day's
Triumphant text, provokes thy praise ;
The living and life-given bread,
To the great twelve distributed,
When Life Himself at point to die,
Of love was His own legacy.

Come, Love ! and let us work a song,
Loud and pleasant, sweet and long ;
Let lips and hearts lift high their noise
Of so just and solemn joys,
Which on His white brows this bright day
Shall hence forever bear away.

Lo ! the new law of a new Lord,
With a new Lamb, blesses the board ;
The aged Pascha pleads not years,
But spies Love's dawn and disappears.
Types yield to truths, shades shrink away,
And their night dies into our day.

But lest we die too, we are bid
Ever to do what He once did ;
And by a mindful mystic breath,
That we may live, revive His death ;
With a well-blest bread and wine
Transum'd and taught to turn divine.

CRASHAW.

On Hope.

DEAR Hope ! Earth's dowry, and Heaven's debt,
 The entity of things that are not yet.
 Subtlest but surest being ! thou by whom
 Our nothing hath a definition.

Fair cloud of fire, both shade and light,
 Our life in death, our day in night,—
 Fates cannot find out a capacity
 Of hurting thee.

From thee their thin dilemma with blunt horn
 Shrinks, like the sick moon at the wholesome morn.

Thou art love's legacy under lock
 Of faith : the steward of our growing stock :
 Our crown lands lie above, yet each day brings
 A seemly portion for the sons of kings.
 Thy golden head never hangs down
 Till in the lap of Love's full noon
 It falls and dies : oh no, it melts away,
 As doth the dawn into the day.

Faith's sister ! nurse of fair Desire !
 Fear's antidote ! a wise and well-stayed fire,
 Tempered 'twixt cold despair and torrid joy :
 Queen regent in young Love's minority.
 True Hope's a glorious huntress, and her chase
 The God of Nature in the field of grace.

CRASHAW.

A Hymn of the Nativity.

COME, we shepherds whose blest sight
 Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night ;
 Come, lift we up our loftier song,
 And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stol'n joy
He slept, and dreamt of no such thing,
While we found out Heaven's fairer eye,
And kiss'd the cradle of our King :
Tell him he rises now too late
To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,
Than he himself e'er saw before,
Which to be seen needs not his light :
Tell him, shepherd, where thou hast been ;
Tell him, shepherd, what thou hast seen.

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay :
The Babe look'd up, and show'd His face ;
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, sweet, and did rise,
Not from the east, but from Thy eyes.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day ;
We saw Thine eyes break from the east,
And chase the trembling shades away :
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger ?
Is this the best thou can'st bestow—
A cold and not too cleanly manger ?

Welcome, all wonders in one sight !
Eternity shut in a span !

Summer in winter! day in night!
 Heaven in earth! and God in man!
 Great Little One, whose all-embracing birth,
 Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth!

CRASHAW.

Rebenge of Injuries.

THE fairest action of our human life
 Is scorning to revenge an injury;
 For who forgives without a further strife,
 His adversaries' heart to him doth tie.
 And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
 To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
 Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
 Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but
 sold

The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
 Truth's school, for certain, doth this same allow,
 High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,
 To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
 To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
 To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
 To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
 To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

Freedom.

STONE walls do not a prison mak
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
• And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

SIR W. LOVELACE.

Of Solitude.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good !
Hail, ye plebian underwood !
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor muse's richest manor-seat !
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy spirits love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature ! the fairest architect,
Who these fond artists does despise,
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their waving boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah ! wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company !
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

O solitude ! first state of human kind !
Which bless'd remained till man did find
Even his own helper's company :
As soon as two, alas ! together joined,
The serpent made up three.

Though God Himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred solitude ! alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one ;

Thou, (though men think thine an unactive part),
 Dost break and tame the unruly heart,
 Which else would know no settled pace,
 Making it move well managed by thy art,
 With swiftness and with grace.

Thou, the faint beams of reason's scattered light,
 Dost, like a burning glass, unite,
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
 And noble fires beget.

COWLEY.

The Scriptures.

THE Holy Book, like the eighth sphere doth shine
 With thousand lights of truth divine ;
 So numberless the stars, that, to our eye,
 It makes all but one galaxy :
 Yet reason must assist too ; for in seas
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our course by stars above we cannot know,
 Without the compass too below.

COWLEY.

Divine Love.—David and Jonathan.

WHAT art thou, Love Divine ! mysterious thing ?
 From what hid stock does thy strange nature spring ?
 'Tis thou that mov'st the world through every part,
 And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start
 From the due place and office first ordained ;
 By thee were all things made, and are sustained.

Sometimes we see thee fully, and can say
 From hence thou took'st thy rise, and went'st that
 way ;

But oftener the short beams of reason's eye
 See only there thou art, not how, nor why.
 Even creatures void of life obey thy laws,
 And seldom we, they never, know the cause.
 In thy large state, life gives the next degree,
 Where sense and good apparent places thee ;
 But thy chief palace is man's heart alone ;
 Here are thy triumphs and full glories shown :
 Divine desires, and rest, about thee flee,
 Union, inheritance, zeal and ecstasy,
 With thousand joys, cluster around thine head,
 O'er which a gall-less dove her wings doth spread ;
 A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far
 Than consciences of thine own martyrs are,
 Lies at thy feet ; and thy right hand does hold
 The mystic sceptre of a cross of gold.

* * * * * *

Such, and no other, were the quiet darts
 Which sweetly touched this noblest pair of hearts,
 No weight of birth did on one side prevail ;
 Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale :
 They mingled fates, and both in each did share ;
 They both were servants, they both princes were.
 If any joy to one of them was sent,
 It was most his to whom it least was meant ;
 And fortune's malice betwixt both was crossed,
 For striking one, it wounded the other most.
 Such sacred love does heaven's bright spirits fill,
 Where love is but to understand and will,
 With swift and unseen motions, such as we
 Somewhat express in heightened charity.

O, ye bless'd one ! whose love on earth became
 So pure, that still in heaven 'tis but the same !
 There now ye sit, and with the heavenly race
 Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face,
 Ye pity this base world, where friendship's made
 A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.

COWLEY.

Life.

“NASCENTES MORIMUR.”

WE call this life ; but Life 's a name
 That nothing here can truly claim :
 This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
 We call our dwelling place ;
 We call one step a race ;
 But angels in their full-enlightened state,
 Angels who live, and know what 'tis to be,
 Who all the folly of our language see,
 Who speak things, and our words their ill-drawn
 picture scorn,
 When we, by a foolish figure say,
 Behold an old man dead ! then they
 Speak properly, and cry, Behold a man-child born.

My eyes are opened, and I see
 Through the transparent fallacy :
 Because we seem wisely to talk
 Like men of business, and for business walk
 From place to place,
 And mighty voyages we take,
 And mighty journeys seem to make
 O'er sea and land, the little point that has no space ;

Because we draw a long nobility
From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,
And impudently talk of a posterity ;
And like Egyptian chroniclers,
Who write of twenty thousand years,
We grow at last by custom to believe
That really we live ;
Whilst all these shadows, that for things we take,
Are but the empty dreams which in death's sleep we
make. COWLEY.

Death.—A Due Debt.

To die, dame Nature did man frame :
Death is a thing most perfect sure ;
We ought not Nature's works to blame ;
She made no thing still to endure.
The law she made when we were born,
That hence we should return again ;
To render right we must not scorn ;
Death is due debt ; it is no pain.

Death hath in all the earth a right ;
His power is great, it stretcheth far ;
No lord, no prince, can 'scape his might ;
No creature can his duty bar.
The wise, the just, the strong, the high,
The chaste, the meek, the free of heart,
The rich, the poor,—who can deny ?
Have yielded all unto his dart.

Seeing no man then can Death 'scape,
Nor hire him hence for any gain,
We ought not fear his carrion shape ;
He only brings ill men to pain.

If thou have led thy life aright,
Death is the end of misery ;
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest to live eternally.

Each wight, therefore, while he lives here,
Let him think on his dying day ;
In midst of wealth, in midst of cheer,
Let him account he must away.
This thought makes man to God a friend ;
This thought doth banish pride and sin ;
This thought doth bring man in the end,
Where he of death the field shall win.

MARSHALL.

Thoughts in a Garden.

FAIR Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men :
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
In this delicious solitude.

For here the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought, in a green shade.

Here, at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

MARVELL.

The Dew-Drops.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round it itself incloses ;
And in its little globe's extent
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies !
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light :
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and insecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,

Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
And recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater Heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away !
To the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day ;
Dark beneath, but bright above ;
Here disdainng, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go ;
How girt and ready to ascend :
Moving but on a point below,
In all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill—
Congealed on earth ; but does, desolving, run
Into the glories of the Almighty Sun.

MARVELL.

The Emigrants.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song.

What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own.

He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything ;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
In daily visits through the air.

He hangs in shade the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.

Oh, let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sung they in an English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

MARVELL.

Subjection of the Soul to God.

GREAT God, whose sceptre rules the earth,
Distil Thy fear into my heart,
That, being rapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good Thou art ;
Open my lips that I may sing
Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God, Thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there, Thy flowers decay ;
O, call to mind Thy promise past,
Restore Thou them, cut these away :

Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee ;
O, make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by Thee :
Lord, let Thy gracious trials show
That I am just, or make me so.

Fountain of Light and Living Breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade ;
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade :
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy powers, and sing Thy praise.

Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire ! O, what shall we
Return to Heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee ?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises, and a wounded heart.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me ;
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possest and blest in Thee :
What I enjoy, O, make it mine,
In making me, that have it, Thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends—when eyes grow strange ;

When plighted faith forgets its vows ;
When earth and all things in it change :
O, Lord, Thy mercies fail me never,
Where once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.

F. QUARLES.

Melancholy describing Herself.

I DWELL in groves that gilt are with the sun ;
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run,
In summers hot, down in a shade I lie ;
My music is the buzzing of a fly ;
I walk in meadows, where grows fresh green grass ;
In fields where corn is high, I often pass ;
Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,
Some brushy woods, and some all champaigns be ;
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go
To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do low ;
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,
Then do I live in a small house alone ;
Although 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a soul that 's pure and clear from sin ;
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,
Not filled with cares how riches to increase ;
I wish, nor seek, for vain and fruitless pleasures ;
No riches are but what the mind intresures.
Thus am I solitary, live alone,
Yet better loved, the more that I am known ;
And though my face, ill-favoured at first sight,
After acquaintance, it will give delight.
Refuse me not for I shall constant be ;
Maintain your credit and your dignity.

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

To Death.

THEN, Death, why shouldst thou dreaded be
And shunn'd as some great misery?

That cur'st our woes and strife;
Only because we're ill resolv'd,
And in dark error's clouds involv'd,
Think death the end of life;
Which most untrue,
Each place we view,
Gives testimonies rife.

The flowers that we behold each year,
In chequer'd meads their heads to rear,
New rising from the tomb;
The eglantines and honey-daisies,
And all those lowly smiling faces,
That still in age grow young;
Even these do cry,
That though men die,
Yet life from death may come.

The towering cedars tall and strong
On Taurus and Mount Lebanon,
In time they all decay;
Yet from their old and wasted roots
Spring forth the young and living shoots,
That are more fresh and gay;
Then why should we
Thus fear to die,
Whose death brings life for aye?

The seed that in the earth we throw
Doth putrefy before it grow,
Corrupting in its urn;

But at the spring it flourisheth,
 When Phœbus only cherisheth,
 With life at his return.
 Doth Time's sun this?
 Then sure it is,
 Time's Lord can more perform.

HAGTHORPE.

**From the Author's Apology for the "Pilgrim's
 Progress."**

. LET truth be free
 To make her sallies upon thee and me,
 Which way it pleases God. . . .
 This Book will make a Traveller of thee,
 If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be ;
 It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
 If thou wilt its directions understand :
 Would'st thou divert thyself from Melancholy ?
 Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly ?
 Would'st thou read Riddles, and their Explanation ?
 Or else be drowned in thy Contemplation ?
 Would'st thou be in a Dream, and yet not sleep ?
 Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep ?
 Wouldest thou lose thyself and catch no harm,
 And find thyself again without a charm ?
 Would'st read thyself, and read thou know'st not what,
 And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
 By reading the same lines ? O then come hither,
 And lay my Book, thy Head, and Heart together.

BUNYAN.

The Pilgrim.

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither :
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories
Do but themselves confound ;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit ;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away ;
He'll not fear what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

BUNYAN.

Blossoms and Fruit.

A COMELY sight indeed it is to see
A world of blossoms on an apple-tree :
Yet far more comely would this sight appear
If all its dainty blooms young apples were ;

But how much more might one upon it see
If each would hang there till it ripe should be,
But most of all in beauty 't would abound
If every one should then be truly sound.

But we, alas! do commonly behold
Blossoms fall apace if mornings be but cold.
They too which hang till they young apples are,
By blasting winds and vermin take despair.

Store that do hang while almost ripe, we see,
By blustering winds are shaken from the tree.
So that of many only some there be,
That grow and thrive to full maturity.

This tree a perfect emblem is of those
Which do the garden of the Lord compose.
Its blasted blossoms are motions unto good,
Which chill affections nip in the soft bud.

These little apples which yet blasted are
Shew some good purposes no good fruit bear.
Those spoiled by vermin are to let us see
How good attempts by bad thoughts ruin'd be.

Those which the wind blows down while they are
 green
Shew good works have by trials spoiled been.
Those that abide while ripe upon the tree
Shew in a good man some ripe fruit will be.

Behold then how abortive some fruits are
Which at the first most promising appear.
The frost, the wind, the worm, with time doth shew
There flow from much appearance works but few.

BUNYAN.

Of Man's Mortality.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of May,
 Or like the morning to the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
 E'en such is man ;—whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes,—and man he dies !
 Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun,
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearly dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan,
 E'en such is man ;—who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.—
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan's near death,—man's life is done !

WASTELL.

A Friend.

LOVE, nature's plot, this great creation's soul,
 The being and the harmony of things,
 Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
 From whence man's happiness and safety springs :
 The earliest, whitest, blesseddest times did draw
 From her alone their universal law.

Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
 'Tis love refined and purged from all its dross,
 The next to angel's love, if not the same,
 As strong as passion is, though not so gross :
 It antedates a glad eternity
 And is an heaven in epitome.

Thick waters show no images of things ;
 Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
 Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
 And free from clouds, design, or flattery.
 For vulgar souls no part of friendship share ;
 Poets and friends are born to what they are.

CATHERINE PHILLIPS.

The Inquiry.

IF we no old historian's name
 Authentic will admit,
 But think all said of friendship's fame
 But poetry or wit ;
 Yet what's revered by minds so pure
 Must be a bright idea sure.

But as our immortality
 By inward sense we find,
 Judging that if it could not be,
 It would not be designed ;
 So here how could such copies fall,
 If there were no original ?

But if truth be in ancient song,
 Or story we believe ;
 If the inspired or greater throng
 Have scorned to deceive ;

There have been hearts whose friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and grave.

Amongst that consecrated crew
Some more seraphic shade
Lend me a favourable clew,
Now mists my eyes invade.
Why, having filled the world with fame,
Left you so little of your flame ?

Why are the bands of friendship tied
With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
And by the most forgot ?
Why do we step with so light sense
From friendship to indifference ?

Had friendship ne'er been known to men,
(The ghost at last confessed),
The world had then a stranger been
To all that Heaven possessed.
But could it all be here acquired,
Not Heaven itself would be desired.

CATHERINE PHILLIPS.

Paraphrase upon the Hymn of Saint Ambrose.

To Thee, O God, we Thy just praises sing,
To Thee we Thy great name rehearse ;
We are Thy vassals, and this humble tribute bring
To Thee, acknowledged only Lord and King,
Acknowledged sole and Sovereign Monarch of the
Universe.
All parts of this wide Universe adore,
Eternal Father, Thy almighty power ;

The skies and stars, fire, air, and earth, and sea,
 With all their numerous, nameless progeny,
 Confess, and their due homage pay to Thee :
 For why ? Thou spak'st the word, and mad'st them
 all from nothing be.

To Thee all angels, all Thy glorious court on
 high,
 Seraph and cherub, the nobility,
 And whatsoever spirits be
 Of lesser honour, less degree,
 To Thee, in heavenly lays,
 They sing loud anthems of immortal praise :
 Still Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts, they cry ;
 This is their business, and their sole employ,
 And thus they spend their long and blessed eternity.

Further than Nature's utmost shores and limits
 stretch,
 The streams of Thy unbounded glory reach ;
 Beyond the straits of scanty time and place,
 Beyond the ebbs and flows of matter's narrow seas
 Thy reach, and fill the ocean of eternity and space.
 Infused like some vast mighty soul,
 Thou dost inform and actuate this spacious whole ;
 Thy unseen hand does the well-jointed frame sustain,
 Which else would to its primitive nothing shrink
 again.

But most Thou dost Thy Majesty display
 In the bright realms of everlasting day ;
 There is Thy residence, there dost Thou reign,
 There on a state of dazzling lustre sit,
 There shine in robes of pure refined light ;
 Where sun's coarse rays are but a foil and stain,
 And refuse stars the sweepings of Thy glorious train.

There all Thy family of menial saints,
Huge colonies of blessed inhabitants,
Which death through countless ages has transplanted
hence,

Now on Thy throne for ever wait,
And fill the large retinue of Thy heavenly state.
There reverend prophets stand, a pompous goodly
show,

Of old Thy envoys extraordinary here,
Who brought Thy sacred embassies of peace and war,
That, to the obedient, this, the rebel world below.

By them, the mighty Twelve have their abode,
Companions once of the incarnate suffering God,
Partakers now of all His triumphs there,
As they on earth did in His miseries share.

Of martyrs next, a crowned and glorious choir,
Illustrious heroes who have gained
Through dangers, and red seas of blood, the promised
land,

And passed, through ordeal flames, to Thy eternity
in fire.

There, all make up the concert of Thy praise,

To Thee they sing, and never cease,

Loud hymns and hallelujahs of applause ;

An angel-laureat does the sense and strains compose,

Sense, far above the reach of mortal verse,

Strains, far above the reach of mortal ears,

And all a muse unglorified can fancy or rehearse.

Nor is this concert only kept above,

Nor is it to the blessed alone confined ;

But earth, and all Thy faithful here are joined,

And strive to vie with them in duty and in love ;

And though they cannot equal notes and measures
raise,

Strive to return the imperfect echoes of Thy praise.

They through all nations own Thy glorious name,
 And everywhere the great 'Three-One proclaim :
 Thee, Father of the world! and us, and Him,
 Who must mankind, whom Thou didst make, re-
 deem :
 Thee, blessed Saviour, Thee, adored, true, only Son,
 To man debased, to rescue man undone ;
 And Thee, eternal, holy Power,
 Who dost by grace exalted man restore
 To all he lost by the old fall and sin before ;
 You, blessed and glorious Trinity,
 Riddle to baffled knowledge and philosophy,
 Which cannot comprehend the mighty mystery
 Of numerous One, and the unnumbered Three.
 Vast, topless pile of wonders, at whose sight
 Reason itself turns giddy with the height,
 Above the fluttering pitch of human wit,
 And all, but the strong wings of faith, that eagle's
 towering flight.

OLDHAM.

The Story of Faith.

FAITH, I would tell
 Thy story if I could,
 Where thou dost dwell,
 Or what thou art, behold ;
 But thou art *Faith*, which sense can no more reach
 Than death the Deity can praise or preach.

I did ask at
 Heaven's gate for thee, dear grace ;
 But was told that
 There Vision held thy place :
 Then some infernal fiends said, they could shew thee ;
 But took thee for no grace, for they did rue thee.

Oh that I knew
Thee, precious Faith ; and could
Thy real hue,
Thy lustre, but unfold !
I should soon draw all eyes from him that hath
Gold rings, to gaze on th' poor, when rich in faith.

Alas ! most take
Thee for some pebble, they
Do nothing make
To believe any way ;
Only those few that have thee, jealous are,
Their faith is not the right, the right 's so rare.

How blind were man
But for thy piercing eye ?
Who nothing can,
No, not himself descry.
Thy clue guides through both labyrinth-like ways
Of mine own heart, and through the Scripture's maze.

In pilgrimage
I went to Calvary,
That bitter stage,
Where my dear Lord did die ;
Where missing Him, I cried out, " Where is He ?"
Faith whisper'd to me, " Go along with me."

Faith brought me to
A door, but it was lock'd :
Faith bade me go
And knock, and so I knock'd ;
Then the door flew open, and a Lamb did stand
Crying, " Take both fleece and flesh." But I had no
hand.

But as I thought
To have carried home this gift,
A cross was brought,
Which I was bade to lift,
Or leave the rest ; I tried, but could not bear it :
Said Faith, " I'll lend thee shoulders, do not fear it."

" We stand by faith,"
Saith Paul ; " We stand by reason,"
Whoever saith,
I doubt me doth speak treason.
They shew their reason best that daily beg,
" Lord, give us faith "—Reason's a wooden leg.

In a few miles'
March betwixt this and heaven,
I found some stiles :
Not fewer than six or seven,
That, Reason stumbling at, " Faith, Help me over,"
Said I, " till poor lame Reason shall recover."

No sooner said
I so, but Faith did lift,
Ev'n as I pray'd,
Me over with my gift ;
Which done, I fell aboard that sacred flesh,
That so I might my fainting soul refresh.

When I begin
To fight, and want supplies ;
Faith summons in
Heaven's auxiliaries ;
And stores with precious promises that are
The very sinews of that holy war :

Faith makes man's heart,
That dark, low, ruin'd thing,
By its rare art,
A palace for a king,
Higher than proud Babel's tower by many a storey :
" By faith Christ dwells in us, the hope of glory."

By faith who strives
To walk with God whilst here,
Doth live two lives
At once each day o' the year :
And dying, Joseph-like, commands his bones
To Canaan, there to dwell with living ones.

" Dear faith," said I,
" My joy, my crown, my treasure !
Tell me whereby
I may do thee a pleasure.
Thou art that lock in which my strength doth lie,
Thee not to tender were self-cruelty."

" If thou wouldst please
Me better, work me more,"
Said Faith ; "'tis ease
Only, that makes me poor.
But I do use to bid my workmen eat :"
Said I, " Dear Faith inform me, what's thy meat ?"

Said Faith, " I came
Out of the Eastern lands ;
Old Abraham
And I have oft shook hands :
My food's an Hebrew root, that gardeners dresse
On Lord's-days mostly, called the Root of Jesse.

“ Prove that thou art
 A pilgrim ; daily die ;
 Of death get the start,
 And live eternally.

I, that in Abr’ham’s heart dwelt many a day,
 To Abr’ham’s bosom now shew thee the way.

“ Fear always ; yet
 Faint never ; eye the cloud,
 That doth beset
 Thee, that triumphant crowd ;
 Look unto Jesus ; watch the word of command,
 Which, when thou hast done all these things, is,
Stand.”

F. TATE.

The Story of Hope.

HOPE is next door to heaven’s gate ;
 ’Tis but a step from this to that ;
 Nay, hope doth heaven antedate,
 And bring down hither.
 Hope’s th’ antidote against despair ;
 Coffin of fear ; and couch of care ;
 Cradle of patience ; hope hath fair
 Even in foul weather.

Hope hath an harvest in the spring ;
 In winter doth of summer sing ;
 Feeds on the fruits whilst blossoming,
 Yet nips no bloom.
 Hope brings me home when I’m abroad,
 As soon’s the first step homeward’s trod ;
 In hope to Thee, my God ! my God !
 I come, I come.

'Tis hope that doth the sower feed ;
Who seems to cast away his seed,
But doth preserve in very deed,
And mend his store.

I am a seedsman too, my Lord !
And, but for hope Thou wouldst afford
Thy blessing, when I sow Thy word,
I had forbore.

I am a seedsman ; every tear
I sow in hope, will bring an ear,
Fit for Thy floor in time of year
For Thee to gather :
Were't not for hope the heart, some say,
Would break ; yet hope led me one day
Weeping along the milky way
To Thee, O Father !

I'll turn a singer, and my song
Shall be by book, lest I go wrong :
For I've not skilled of music long,
Or holy mirth.
Weeping into the world I came,
Bringing a world of sin and shame ;
Bearing the first apostate's blame
Even at my birth.

What though mine haven—heaven—lie
Beyond the Dead Sea ? what though I
Decease ? mine hope shall never die,
Never decay.

What though I walk through the vale of tears ?
Hope is a staff that ever bears ;
Hope is a rod, chasing my fears,
Guiding my way.

Therefore my dying tongue shall sing :
Yea, even my flesh, that fading thing,
Shall rest in hope for that day-spring
All th' night of death.

And when I lay my weary head
And bones in the grave, as in a bed,
Let not the mourner say, He's dead,
But slumbereth.

Yet bony death sometimes looks in,
Bringing a list of all my sin,
Pinching mine hope, till it looks thin,
And 's like to die :
Death in my very face doth stare
So ghastly, as if it meant to scare
And fright mine hope into despair.
Yet seen have I

On both hands of a Friend, once slain,
But since return'd to life again,
A better story printed plain :
My sight's but dim ;
Yet in the print of the nails I see
Life in a Saviour's hands for me,
Whilst, as He hung upon the tree,
Hope hangs on Him ;

And still shall hang on Him, until
My bones have learn'd to climb that hill
Where now He sits, and whence He will
Yet come down hither,
That He may gather into one
Each dust of His, and scatter'd bone ;
Then shall He, as a living stone,
Translate me thither.

Nature's Praise.

HARK, my soul, how every thing
Strives to serve our bounteous King ;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest quire
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom His bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

Call whole Nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas He whole Nature made ;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord !
Live by all Thy works adored !
One in Three, and Three in One,
Thrice we bow to Thee alone !

AUSTIN.

The Human.

How fading are the joys we dote upon,
Like apparitions seen and gone :
But those which soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong.
Like angels' visits, short and bright ;
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

NORRIS.

God.

No power can justly praise Him but must be
As great, as infinite as He.
He comprehends His boundless self alone,
Created minds too shallow are and dim
His works to fathom, much more Him.
Our praise at height will be
Short by a whole infinity,
Of all His glorious Deity,
He cannot have the full, and stands in need of none.

He can't be less, nor can He more receive,
But stands one fixed superlative.
He's in Himself compendiously blest ;
We, acted by the weights of strong desire,
To good without ourselves aspire ;

We're always moving hence,
Like lines from the circumference,
To some more in-lodged excellence.
But He is one unmoved self-centr'd point of rest.

NORRIS.

The Prospect.

WHAT a strange moment will that be,
My soul, how full of curiosity,
When winged, and ready for thy eternal flight,
On the utmost edges of thy tottering clay,
Hovering and wishing longer stay,
Thou shalt advance, and have eternity in sight.
When just about to try that unknown sea,
What a strange moment will that be.

And yet how much more strange that state,
When loosen'd from the embrace of this close mate.
Thou shalt at once be plunged at liberty,
And move as swift and active as a ray
Shot from the lucid spring of day!
Thou, who just now was clogg'd with dull mortality,
How wilt thou bear the mighty change, how know
Whether thou'rt then the same or no?

Then to strange mansions of the air,
And stranger company must thou repair.
What a new scene of things will then appear.
This world thou by degrees wast taught to know,
Which lessened thy surprise below,
But knowledge all at once will overflow thee there.
That world, as the first man did this, thou'lt see,
Ripe grown, in full maturity.

There with bright splendours must thou dwell,
And be what only those pure forms can tell.
There must thou live awhile, gaze and admire,
Till the great angel's trump this fabric shake,
And all the slumbering dead awake,
Then to thy old forgotten state must thou retire.
This union then will seem as strange, or more
Than thy new liberty before.

MORRIS.

The Retraction.

I've often charged all sublunary bliss,
With vanity and emptiness :
Ye woods and streams have heard me oft complain
How all things, even your delights, were vain.
Methought I could with one short simple view,
Glance o'er all human joys, and see them through.
But now, great preacher, pardon me,
I cannot wholly to thy charge agree,
For Music sure and Friendship have no vanity.

No, each of these is a firm, massy joy,
Which, though eternal, will not cloy.
Here may the venturous soul love on, and find,
Grasp what she can, that more remains behind.
Such depths of joy these living springs contain,
As man to eternity can never drain.
These sweets the truth of Heaven prove,
Only there's greater bliss with saints above,
Because they've better Music there, and firmer Love.

NORRIS.

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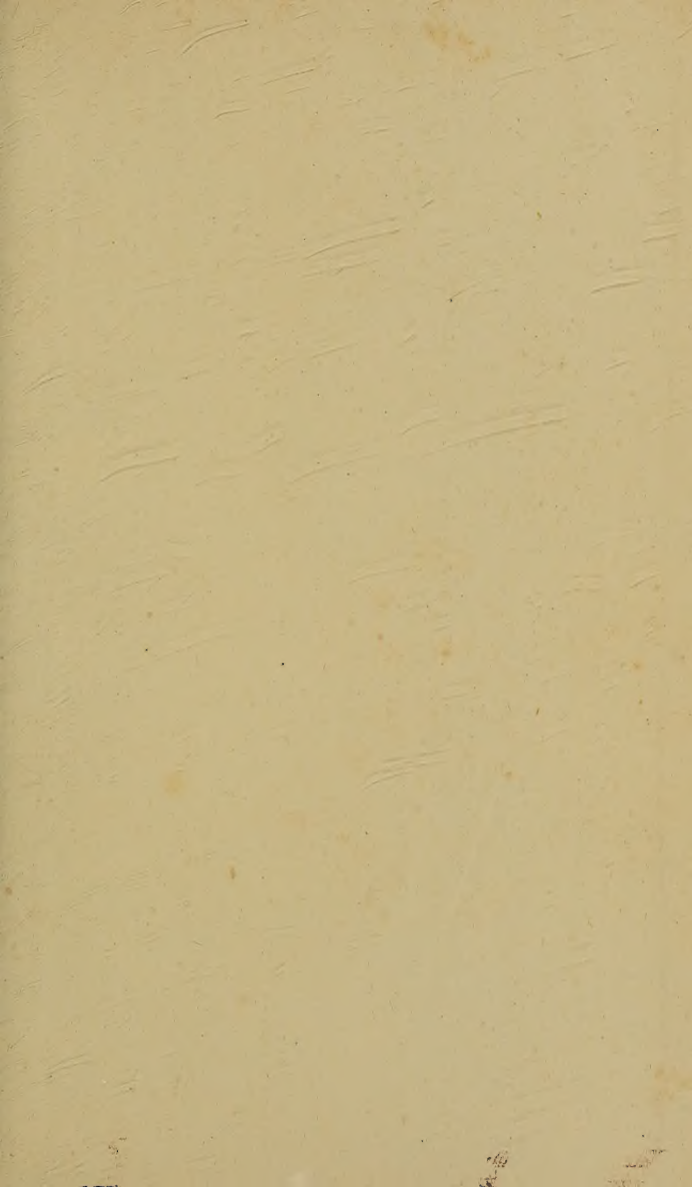
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